The Nation.

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The Week.

Even the suspension for a day of the Presidential order, discharging without honor three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, is a welcome sign that the general public disapproval of the President's arbitrary act is having its effect, at least on Secretary Taft.. The War Department has been flooded with letters and telegrams of protest; resolutions and appeals have been pouring in from churches, religious societies, and mass-meetings; and hardly one newspaper in the North has affirmed that the punishment of the innocent with the guilty is just or regular. Fortunately, there is still ground for hope that the President's order may ultimately be revoked. If the new facts he asks for can be laid before him, his love of fair play will induce him to do justice where he was by inadvertence about to do injustice. If some of the men who are about to be discharged without honor were absent on furlough at the time of the Brownsville riot, the President will certainly not insist upon their being punished. Some one may also call the President's attention to what happened when the Fourth Cavalry lynched a murderer in 1891. As we have already pointed out, Col. Compton was at once tried and punished, though the officers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry have not yet been held accountable for the misdeeds of their men. Moreover, a soldier of the Fourth Cavalry who offered to betray his fellows was promptly punished for advising and abetting the lynching, and permitting the carbines to be taken from their racks. Even aside from these details, President Roosevelt will find military men unanimous in their belief that his procedure was incorrect from the technical point of view. The *Army and Navy Journal* feels that the President's procedure "savors too much of Oriental methods," and declares that Mr. Roosevelt violated the army regulations. These specifically state that every soldier who is discharged without honor has the right to have his case considered by a board of officers *before* his commanding officer can give him such a discharge.

Secretary Root's speech at Kansas City Monday night was conceived in the high spirit of his addresses in South America. It is pleasant to find him laying down the same principles to his fellow-citizens that he enjoined upon Argentinos and Brazilians. This shows that he was not simply trying to butter their parsnips with fine words. From even the meagre reports of his remarks before the Kansas City Commercial Club, it is clear that he stood for good morals in diplomacy, which he said were as obligatory in that sphere as in private life. Between nations, he declared, the same rules of conduct should be followed as between individuals. He called this "the new diplomacy." Yet the contrast is not merely with the old, but with many ingenious dressings of the old in new and deceptive phrases. There is "the larger good," for example, of which we have heard so much in recent years as an excuse for overriding the rights of the weak by the strong. That would have to be given up, in the light of Mr. Root's definition, as would also the "reason of state"—that moral "abyss," as Clarendon termed it—namely, the pretence that a Government can lie or cheat or bully without moral turpitude.

It is easy to understand why Senator Thomas C. Platt should be indignant at all this talk that he ought to resign. What new reason is there in this latest disgrace, which has resulted in his separation from his wife? His reputation, of a sort to make his reception in a decent home impossible, has been perfectly known for twenty-five years; but what difference has that made? He has had the highest honors of his party in this State. He has been deferentially consulted by Governors and Senators and the President. He has been received at the White House, not only officially, but socially. So what is all the row about? From Platt's point of view, the whole thing is clearly unintelligible. He is not at all conscious now of being more unfit to be Senator from New York than he has been all these years. Why this sudden squeamishness on the part of his faithful Republican supporters? Not even his dear pastor now comes forward to defend him as before. We admit, however, that the question ought not to be determined by Platt's own *mens conscia recti*. The feelings of the State really come in, absurd as that may seem to Platt. It is even necessary to consider the honor of the Republican party. Surprising as it may appear, there are people who assert that his continuing in office is a shocking example to youth, and a standing source of public demoralization. Even newspapers that have in the past grovelled before him, or slobbered him, are now demanding that he quit the scene. Taking these things into the account, and disregarding Platt's natural wonder that anything he has done has changed public opinionion about him, we think that the first act of the Legislature should be the passage of a joint resolution calling upon him to deliver the people of New York from the ignominy of having him as Senator.

A comparison of the power of the labor vote in the Congressional elections, with that of the tariff revisionists, is much in favor of the latter. Three prominent standpatters were defeated, the best-known being McCleary of Minnesota, whose plurality of 9,059 in 1904 was this year turned into a plurality of 1,500 for his Democratic opponent after a campaign in which the tariff was almost the only subject discussed. Lacey of Iowa, one of the readiest protectionist debaters in the House, and a stanch Shaw partisan, was beaten by about 2,200 votes in a district which gave him 9,373 plurality in 1904, and even this year was carried by Cummins for Governor. In Indiana, a plurality of 8,185 in 1904 for Frederick Landis, a high-tariff orator, became a plurality of 1,000 for his opponent. Several Republicans of the Ways and Means Committee had a rough road to travel. Chairman Payne and John Dalzell had their 1904 pluralities more than cut in half, while Watson of Indiana and Curtis of Kansas managed to retain their seats by bare pluralities. On the other hand, two Democratic members—Champ Clark of Missouri and Granger of Rhode Island—more than doubled their pluralities of two years ago. In Massachusetts, Samuel W. McCall, an avowed Republican revisionist, carried his district by a greater vote than that given to Roosevelt in 1904. These figures indicate that a bold and energetic tariff-revision campaign throughout the country might have cut the Republican majority much lower. Mr. Gompers's American Federation of Labor made a poor showing in its campaign against certain Congressmen. Speaker Cannon's plurality, while not reaching the high figures of 1904, was still about 1,000 greater than his lead of 7,600 in 1902. Lilley, Representative-at-large from Connecticut, against whom one of the bitterest labor fights was waged, was reëlected by a plurality less than that of two years ago, but greater by about 8,000 than that of 1902. In Maryland, Mudd, though losing largely in the Baltimore city districts, obtained a plurality considerably larger than that of 1904. Representative Gardner in New Jersey, another of Gompers's dearest foes, was elected by over 9,000, a plurality nearly up to that of 1902. Indeed, the only real successes that can be attributed even indirectly to labor influence, are those of Nicholls and Wilson, two miners' representatives, in Pennsylvania; Cary, who won a Republican nomination in Wisconsin at the primar-

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ies; and McDermott of Illinois, a union-labor man who represents the "Packing-town" district.

Hearst's sworn election expenses of more than $256,000, not only break all records, but outrage all propriety. While Hearst was shouting that the other side intended to purchase the election, he was throwing in his quarter of a million with the coolness of a hardened gambler, betting on what he thought was a sure thing. The poor man's champion, with a corruption fund of hundreds of thousands in his right hand, is a novel and repulsive and ominous figure. But this publication, portentous as it is to reflecting citizens, may simply make the politician breed lick their chops. Let's get him to run again! For the love of Heaven, have him nominated for something else! In all seriousness, such huge and growing payments by candidates for office in this country are an evil that we shall soon have to deal with. We shall have to take a leaf out of the English Corrupt Practices Act, and limit by statute the amount that any man can spend to obtain office. When Gov. Higgins returned $30,000 as his campaign expenses, two years ago, we all gasped a little. But this year a successful candidate merely for the State Senate has sworn to more than $31,000. In Massachusetts, Mr. Draper has laid out some $50,000 to be made Lieutenant-Governor. And now comes the loud dumping of Hearst's barrel. Where is this to stop? If the offices are really to be auctioned off, a thrifty people will surely set bigger plutocrats than Hearst to bidding.

The indictment of Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco and of "Abe" Ruef, his boss, for blackmailing disorderly resorts, is a sign of hope. Not in the whole depressing history of our municipal misgovernment has there been a more flagrant alliance between the authorities and the forces of evil. The system, of course, pleased the corrupt railroads and corporations, the merchants who profit by illegal favors, and all the elements that make money out of a "wide-open town." A year ago, the decent citizens of San Francisco made an effort to rescue the city by electing as Mayor John S. Partridge, a young lawyer of integrity and courage. He came within a few thousand votes of winning, but the dissolute, the criminals, the grafters, the labor unions, and those affiliated with corrupt corporations were successful in retaining Schmitz, or rather Ruef, in power. The former was originally elected Mayor as the representative of union labor. A defender of organized labor as a political force must be speechless in view of its San Francisco record. It has owned the city and the judges. Gompers himself declared three years ago that "every non-union man in San Francisco must get out," and the threat was nearly fulfilled. When a ship-owners' association asked for protection for non-union workmen, Schmitz told them that he would not allow "his police" to protect a lot of strike-breakers, and he did not. When the great fire was over, the labor-leaders stated in a proclamation that no union would be allowed to raise wages, and that non-union men would be allowed to work. This was hardly published before non-union men were driven from the ruins, and there is not a trade to-day in which wages have not been raised from 20 to 30 per cent. Labor agitators have long dwelt on the halcyon days certain when everybody would be unionized. Well, the plan has been tried in San Francisco, and the whole world can read the result. In the face of a great calamity the city's hands are tied; its name is besmirched. Union control has meant simply license to rob.

The decision that the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey is a heretic is now confirmed by the highest tribunal of the Episcopal Church. He wished to test the sense of the Church, to ascertain how much it would tolerate in latitude of doctrine. He has discovered that the Church cannot contain a man who repudiates the dogma of the Virgin Birth. Whatever clergymen of the more advanced school may think, the controlling powers hold that this tenet is one of the fundamental verities. We do not, we confess, see how the Court of Review could reach any other conclusion. Until some body, such as a general convention, entitled to speak for the Church, declares that belief in the Virgin Birth is a non-essential, the Court was bound to construe the words of the creed according to their obvious acceptation, the meaning which they have carried for centuries. If Dr. Crapsey holds that Christ was the son of human parents, his place is in some organization which admits that view. Furthermore, he should not be made the sole martyr in this cause. If he is driven from his parish, all brother-clergymen who think with him are logically and morally bound to abide by the sentence passed upon him. If they really are spiritual leaders, they must speak out and take the consequences with him, rather than stultify themselves by silence. The easy way is to smother conviction and say nothing; but the clergyman who allows Dr. Crapsey to suffer while he himself, guilty of the same offence, escapes, knows in his soul that he is unfit not only for the ministry, but for association with honest men.

The election of four architects to be Associates of the National Academy of Design is a step we are glad to note. Whatever is to be said, or left discreetly unsaid, about modern architecture, it is unquestionably the ground on which art and great wealth most nearly meet. The architect is the natural intermediary between the wealthy individual or corporation and the painter or sculptor. The four men just promoted to academic honors have all in varying capacities been ambassadors to capital for mural-painting and sculpture. In the present chaotic state of American civilization, such mediation has been most necessary and useful. It should be said also that, as compared with other artists, the architects have been socially minded, and have perhaps done more for the education of taste than any other single class. In fairness, we must add that American architecture has suffered terribly from commercialization. The secluded position of the other arts has been, if unwholesome, a safeguard also. There are some who feel that a fine landscape by Homer Martin outweighs in æsthetic importance all the building of the decade; but such comparisons are unprofitable, and the Academy certainly does well to acknowledge the courtesy it has so long enjoyed at the hands of the architectural profession.

The state of mind of a man who could explode a bomb in the first church of Christendom is difficult to analyze; but some sort of consuming hatred is the chief motive of the crime—a hatred that embraces both the past and the present. It is curious to recall that the apparent fiend who would slay and mutilate his fellows by scores, may entertain some paradisiacal vision of the future. He is willing to blow any of us up *pro tempore*, in order that posterity may be freed from the shackles of Church, state, and all organized institutions. Such a state of mind clearly borders on the insane, but it would be an indignity to the most unfortunate class of humanity to identify the anarchists with them. We have to do, rather, with a monstrous depravity, in which the emotions are subdued to some persistent fallacy of the mind, or rather merged in the single emotion of hatred. How to deal with such avowed and formidable enemies of mankind is indeed a most difficult problem. Law seems pretty nearly impotent in the case, for the wretch who tried on Sunday to make a slaughter in St. Peter's, may, on Saturday, have seemed the most benevolent of doctrinaires. In short, we have to reckon with a disease of the emotions that seems to evade both the medical and legal professions. And public abhorrence is an equally futile resource, since complete self-sufficiency has ever been the chief characteristic of these fanatics.

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The Berlin Conference on Wireless Telegraphy which recently adjourned, reached conclusions that will be of great value in the development of this new method of communication. The convention, which was signed by Great Britain, Germany, the United States, Argentina, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Brazil, Bulgaria, Chili, Denmark, Spain, France, Greece, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Morocco, Norway, the Netherlands, Persia, Portugal, Rumania, Russia, Sweden, Turkey, and Uruguay, contains, as its most important provision, an agreement that the signatory Powers will make arrangements for wireless communication between their coast stations and vessels of all nationalities. Great Britain, France, and Spain, together with Portugal, Italy, Japan, and three minor Powers, reserved the right to exempt certain stations, but in return bound themselves to provide "open" stations. The United States and Germany led fifteen other Powers in expressly renouncing the right to close any of their coast stations to passing ships—a broad and liberal policy, which will go far towards ending any narrow rivalry between companies and systems. From the first, the United States insisted upon the obligation of general communication and transmission, not only between ships and land, but between all ships. If Great Britain had endorsed the proposal, the success of the American delegates would probably have been complete. The English representatives argued that the obligation was too onerous to be imposed upon general shipping, which includes private yachts. In the licenses which will be issued by the British Government to ships with wireless outfits, this requirement will not be inserted, but probably her ships will readily receive and transmit wireless messages, as hitherto they have never failed to answer signals of distress or requests to report ships in trouble. There was at first an effort to reserve certain exclusive rights for the Marconi companies. Fortunately, the technical and commercial experts maintained that the opening of the Marconi stations to other messages was, in the long run, far better for the Marconi interests. And as these arguments coincided with still broader international and humanitarian views, the battle against monopoly was won.

Writing of Moscow as he found it, a correspondent of the New York *Outlook* said:

> Except for the strikes, business is nowhere seriously disturbed, and men buy and sell, "eat, drink, and are merry," as usual. The big pleasure resorts—the Aquarium and the Ermitage—were full to overflowing each evening, and I have never seen the people gayer or more given over to pleasure.

This failure to appreciate the momentous nature of the issues now being worked out in Russia is not unexampled. Russia to-day can show atrocities surpassing the traditional iniquities of the Inquisition: martyrdoms (like that of the girl students of Cronstadt descending into the very lupanars to gain the ignorant sailors for the revolutionary cause) equalling those of mediæval legend; exaltation, excess, superhuman ferocity, and almost superhuman devotion. Perhaps the daily sensation of the newspaper has destroyed the sense of proportion, and with it the sense of wonder. But there is a more pertinent reason. After all, why should the spectators be seized with the awe of great events when the actors themselves go at their tremendous tasks in so light-hearted a fashion? War is war, and revolution is revolution, but hunger and clothes and the desire for social intercourse are also facts, and though the Russian student be quite ready to offer his life for his cause, he can see no reason why he should also sacrifice his glass of tea or his cigarette. To the younger of us, to whom the Civil War is the name for a great national agony, it will never cease to be somewhat of a puzzle to read of the gayety that marked the "flush times" of the war; to think that Edwin Booth was giving the first of his productions of "Hamlet," and that Longfellow was putting the finishing touches to the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" in the year of Gettysburg. That a great contemporary movement should now and then be tainted with sordidness, that a living hero should be occasionally a bit of a blackguard, and a saint of our own days something of a simpleton, does not surprise us; but the past is different, and wears a halo. We may repeat the name Mukden a half-dozen times, and remain comparatively cold. But Waterloo, we are sure, must have been fought while the world attended with bated breath. That is partly true. But it is also true that of Waterloo a great author wrote with fine insight:

> All the country and Europe was in arms and the greatest event of history pending: and honest Peggy O'Dowd, whom it concerned as well as another, went on prattling about Ballinafad and the horses in the stables at Glenmalony, and the cla.'t drunk there; and Jos. Sedley interposed about curry and rice at Dumdum; and Amelia thought about her husband and how best she should show her love for him; as if these were the great topics of the world.

The anniversary of the granting to Russia of the so-called Constitution was observed by some Russian newspapers by footing up for the year the roll of deaths by violence. Incomplete the figures must be, since only a part of the facts found their way to the press; yet the total of 24,239 deaths in riots or at the hands of the executioner, is enough to make the world aghast. No less than 22,721 persons are known to have perished in pogroms, riots, conflicts with the authorities, and punitive expeditions. That this is not all of the bloody record appears from the fact that hundreds, if not thousands, of the massacred Jews were never accounted for. Official executions disposed of 1,518 lives, and thus proved beyond dispute how useless is capital punishment, when a whole nation is aroused. Of the political agitators, 851 were given penal sentences, aggregating 7,138 years. In the effort to control public opinion, 523 newspapers and reviews were suppressed, and 647 editors prosecuted. During the year, 31 provinces were wholly, and 46 partially, under exceptional laws (state of siege or war, etc.). To these figures the *Strana* adds that during the past twelve months there were 1,629 agrarian riots, while 183 secret printing offices and 150 depots of arms were discovered. The depots contained thousands of rifles and revolvers, tons of powder and explosives, and several machine guns. Bombs to the number of 244 were thrown at officials, while no less than 1,955 armed burglaries were reported.

The English Secretary for War, Mr. Haldane, whose career in office is a close parallel to Secretary Root's in our War Department, is not satisfied with the creation of a General Staff and a college to educate it. He is convinced that specialists in moving troops and furnishing supplies must also be produced. What he wants is capable business experts—"experts in the whole mechanism of modern business, in accounts, in supply organization, and transport, in all those things for which you train men before sending them to organize railway work or to administer some colossal industrial organization." Since there never have been officers trained for this task, the English public is "only just now quivering with excitement over the spectacle of a great mass of important work badly done to the detriment of the national purse." For aid Mr. Haldane has already turned to the colleges, the London School of Economics having undertaken to make a beginning in training for affairs. A group of men has already been chosen as the nucleus of an administrative staff, which may some day be on the same footing as the General Staff. The question is an interesting one: is the modern army to be clearly divided into two parts, the fighters and the business men? If so, the Continental armies are lagging in the rear; with them supply officers hardly rank as officers at all. Having no important oversea wars to fight, or to be ready for, they naturally are far less concerned than the English with the training of business officers.

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DIGNIFYING THE BOOK TRADE.

The London *Times* has been conducting at terrible length a controversy over the circulating library which it organized as a means towards increasing the sale of the paper. The used volumes, it soon offered to its readers at discounts ranging from 35 to 75 per cent. This sales department it advertised conspicuously, describing the books as "virtually as good as new," and inciting subscribers to "a glorified form of bargain hunting." It was much like the competition here between some department stores and the regular bookshops, but even more formidable, for the *Times* Book Club sold all manner of books, and many that would ordinarily not appear for years at a discount or second-hand. Organizations representing the publishers, booksellers, and authors of Great Britain have protested against this traffic, and have even tried to shut off the *Times's* supplies of books. The quarrel is in some respects similar to that of the American Publishers' Association with the cut-rate department stores.

George Haven Putnam expresses a hope that agreements between publishers and booksellers may receive especial legal sanction. But the issues raised by price-cutting and prompt resale of new books as second-hand seem, in fact, to fall less in the category of legal contract that of business ethics. It seems to us unfair for the *Times* to advertise itself at the expense of authors, publishers, and booksellers, by reselling good new books too soon and too cheap; but we doubt if the law will ever take cognizance of the transaction. We may only trust that newspapers will maintain a higher standard of advertising than it has pleased "The Thunderer" to adopt. We sympathize with the feeling that makes publishers wish to cut off all concerns that will not observe the wise and immemorial customs of the trade; but we fear they have no sure redress except an appeal to the ethical sense of the community.

It is a just sentiment, however, that puts the selling of books on a different plane from that of selling hams or shoes, and requires something like standard agreements for the protection of authors, publishers, and booksellers. The premature second-hand sale of a book does a damage that is done in the case of no other commodity. It depreciates, in short, not merely the value of the particular volumes sold, but all that may be subsequently printed. In this way such an enterprise as the *Times* Book Club may greatly abridge the period of profitable sale of any book. In the case of learned works, for which the demand is slight, a habit of turning them over quickly at second-hand would probably annul all profit. In other words, this sort of premature competition undoubtedly tends to cheapen the book trade, and debar from its facilities the best class of authorship. It seems just, in fact that every book should have its chance to sell at a living price, before it is dumped on the bargain counter.

Arguments that the publishers are interested in keeping prices up, and pleas for open competition, do not really affect the merits of the question. Of course, the publishers are pleading their own cause; but they are also working in the interest of the author and bookseller, and ultimately of the reader. The author is surely concerned in not having his royalties stopped by too sudden popularity with the second-hand trade; the bookseller properly desires a margin of profit that allows him to keep a creditable stock and sell it with the dignity that becomes a liberal calling; the reader, finally, is the gainer by bookshops where there are facilities for intelligent choice and consultation. In short, the entire business from the author to the reader is really on a quasi-professional basis. It is, or should be, subject to such unwritten laws as prevail in the professions generally. It is not law, but custom, that prevents a reputable physician from advertising, or from practising for a pittance. The damage that comes in the learned professions from disregarding their informal codes is personal, and not legal.

Such analogies make it plain that publishers have in hand a rather difficult campaign of education, which implies, incidentally, the elevation of the character of the publishing trade. They must inculcate the conviction that something like a gentleman's agreement holds all along the line, from author, through publisher, to retailer, and, finally, reader; and of course, the real objective of such a campaign is the reader. When one buys shoes or clothes, one is willing to pay a little more for elbow room, quiet, a select stock, and intelligent service. The same motives, we are confident, will preserve the old-fashioned bookstore in the face of its bustling competitors. But the moral of such controversies as we have noted would be wholly lost unless publishers should realize that wildcat bookselling is not a whit worse than wildcat book-publishing. We are convinced that the berated Book Club and similar institutions may fairly be attacked as *hostes literati generis*; but it behooves few publishers to launch that shaft without much preliminary searching of heart.

CHANGES IN THE FRENCH PRESS.

A French man of letters, Emile d'Arnaville, on becoming the official critic of the *Revue Illustrée*, made some regretful remarks about the expulsion of the *littérateur* from the daily press of his country. This banishment, so far as it has gone, is significant of recent extraordinary changes in the French newspaper.

Two decades ago, the French press was still a charming, restful backwater in the brawling stream of journalism. In the newspapers of Paris, which might almost have been published in Lotus Land, there was an atmosphere of perpetual afternoon—of about five o'clock, the hour when the café and the boudoir yielded their daily increase of intimate gossip. This was pretty nearly the extreme limit of news-gathering. No other "scoop" was dreamed of in that artificial but not unpleasing Arcadia. The reporter, as we know him, had not been introduced into France. The *chroniqueur* reigned undisturbed. And he was one who expressed his personal opinions on—well, sometimes on his personal fancies; sometimes on books, or other works of art; sometimes on so near an approach to facts as the fashions; very seldom indeed on the gross material of politics or business. A literary *chroniqueur* might make the fortune of a daily—or ruin it by going over to a rival. And what wonder, when his pen was that of a Veuillot, or (in our days) of an Anatole France or a Mendès?

Such urgent matters as "foreign and commercial intelligence" received scant attention. The most distant correspondents of these journals were commonly to be found on the boulevards. One of them might be seized now and then by an exotic fantasy, and date his communications from London or Teheran. But this was only an innocent search for the picturesque, and no one thought of judging it otherwise than as an imaginative effect. What Parisian, indeed, in that golden age would have cared two straws for *real* information from London or Teheran? The journalist's task was to show Paris life "across a temperament"; and the chief requirement was that the temperament should be strictly Parisian. In fact, it was a journalism, not of telegrams, but of temperaments.

But what polish went with this concentration! It was the only considerable journalism in history in which form has prevailed over matter. And how much of the matter itself was artistic! What hospitality was lavished on pure literature, when so little was shown either to news or advertisements! For the advertisement-canvasser worked no harder than the news-gatherer. There is a story of the editor of one of the chief papers in Paris being altogether put out, not so very long ago, by the arrival in his office of a solitary advertisement. "It will spoil my page!" he cried. "Where the deuce am I to put it?" All that, however, has been changed. The halo of pure literature has faded from the journalist's brow. The

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most artistic press in the world has given itself up with passionate suddenness to advertising and news-mongering. The reporter has dethroned the *chroniqueur*. Oh, Villemessant, how art thou translated! But yesterday we were ascribing the serene newslessness of these newspapers to the refined, detached character of the French. Unless their character has changed with miraculous speed, the compliment was undeserved. To-day their principal newspapers are but little more literary than those of London or New York, not vastly inferior to them in respect of news and advertisements.

What has caused this swift transformation? Some of us may put it down to Anglo-Saxon influence. It is a fact that the *Matin*, the pioneer of the new journalism in Paris, arose out of the ashes of an American venture. But the movement has come from a deeper source than that. It has come from democracy and free expansion. The aloofness of the press under the Second Empire was not really a natural outcome of French taste, broadly considered, but of oppression and force. When the unlimited circulation of news and the free discussion of politics were forbidden, the journalist's energy poured itself into other channels. And tyranny became once more the parent of art, to the delight of an elect few. After the Empire fell, the cabined and confined press continued for a while in the narrow artistic attitude which had become habitual to it. But soon a reaction set in towards reckless, brutal, inartistic activity, encouraged by foreign examples, but chiefly inspired by the new freedom, which was at last bringing the journalist into touch with his real public—with the masses of the nation. And thereupon, as if by a law of nature, pure literature began to be ejected by the machinery of the press—even of the French press.

Several other concurrent causes of this brusque transformation of the French newspaper have doubtless operated. But considering all the circumstances, experience does not seem to have supplied hitherto any more crucial instance than this of the perils of journalism under democratic conditions. Others beside M. d'Arnaville may regret the exclusion of the *littérateur* from a democratic press, and may be reluctant to accept it as necessary. Let us hope that it is not necessary. At all events, those interested in these problems will watch the future course of journalism in France with close attention.

EDUCATIONAL TROUBLES OF GERMANY.

A large number of books, pamphlets, and articles are being written in Germany about the urgent need of educational reform. The late Eduard von Hartmann complained in one of his last essays: "Our system of education and examination is approaching nearer and nearer to that of the Chinese"; and a considerable number of his countrymen have reached the conclusion that the ideals of true education are being sacrificed to pedantry and the almost exclusive cultivation of memory, the lowest of the mental faculties.

"Kindermordend"—child-murdering—is the epithet applied to the German educational system by Prof. F. Hueppe, the sanitary expert of Prague. The pupils are overburdened with work. In the instruction in languages, which takes up many hours, there is an excess of grammar, a neglect of the contents of books. History and geography have been degraded to mere memory-work. "We have a school-mechanism, but no school-organism." It may be true that in the high school, *Germania docet* still; but, in general, "our educational system is no longer regarded as a model by foreign experts, as it used to be; but our authorities do not seem to be aware of this." "Our public schools have long been surpassed in other countries." As regards the care of the body, the attitude of the German school is "hostile from the beginning." In England there are only three or four hours of sedentary brainwork to every hour of bodily exercise; in Prussia, 17; in Bavaria, 25; and memory-work is intruded even into gymnastics. Oculists are demanding that the first lessons in reading and writing be deferred from the sixth year to the ninth, because of the great damage done. In many of the schools the lighting arrangements are such as to cause myopia. Indeed, as we noted last week, a committee of German educators has submitted to the Ministry proposals for hygienic reform in secondary schools.

There is too much of the spirit of militarism in German schools, writes J. Tews in the Berlin *Tageblatt*. Pupils are not treated as individuals, but like pawns on a chess-board, without any will of their own; whereas the chief aim of education should be to build up personality. It used to be different. Pupils as well as teachers, he says, were wont, in former times, to recall their happy days together in school, sometimes with tears in their eyes. Present-day references, in conversation or writing, often show, on the contrary, "an unforgiving anger, nay, hatred, toward the school." "How isolated, how embittered, how hard and cold one was made there," one poet has written; while another author writes: "My school-years remain to me, even in memory, the terror of terrors." "It is significant," adds Herr Tews, "that the donations to the lower and higher schools in Germany are so insignificant. They cannot be compared for a moment with the millions which are bestowed on the other side of the ocean on educational institutions of all grades."

Dr. Julius von Negelein gives details which help us to understand why, to many Germans, the recalling of school-days is the "terror of terrors." Excessive day work, supplemented by night work—in some cases up to midnight!—leaves no time for exercise or sleep:

> Whose heart would not turn with a pang if he could hear, as I did a few days ago, a poor child, an anæmic, timid girl of twelve, exclaim: "Oh, if it would only rain! This lovely weather makes one so eager to go out and play!" Thus do we sacrifice to the phantom of an ideal education the joy of life, health, and happiness.

He speaks of a teacher who advised his pupils to drink strong coffee at night so that they might work longer. "Anæmia and nervousness are steadily on the increase among our school children." If a child sinks down exhausted, it is "whipped on like a horse." "I know children who pray to God every day to let them pass their examination, 'because otherwise their father 'would kill them.'" Professor Eulenburg has collected figures relating to suicides of school-children. There were 950 cases in the period 1883 to 1900.

Columns of such evidence might be cited. A favorite proverb among German teachers is: "Whom the gods hate they make a pedagogue." There are in Prussia alone 10,000 teachers whose pay begins with $225, and, after thirty-one years of service, reaches a maximum of $450 a year. The average number of pupils is sixty-three to a teacher. We might dwell on the complaints relating to insufficient pay, too large classes, too short vacations, school books not up to date, and so on; but must content ourselves with one more citation, from an article by Dr. Leo Smolle. Referring to the fact that Gladstone found recreation and delight in Homeric studies in his old age, Dr. Smolle writes: "Name, if you can, a German official, wealthy business man, or *rentier*, who, of his own free will, devotes himself in old age to science and study and takes pleasure in them! The school, with its eternal teaching and examining, has cured them of all desire ever to have anything more to do with intellectual work or intercourse with the Muses."

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The New York Historical Society celebrated on Tuesday its 102d anniversary by formally opening the completed part of its new building on Central Park West. This fine structure symbolizes enlarged work and influence. Representing in its membership chiefly the New York of the past, secluded by the position of its building, isolated from con-

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temporary interests by its dignified traditions, the New York Historical Society has been in many respects a unique institution. In spite of the inadequacy of the present building opposite old St. Mark's Church, many members will face the move to Seventy-sixth Street with something like sentimental regret. If there was an oasis in this new Babylonic Gotham, it was that old building. There in absolute quiet and under the dim light that struggled through dusty skylights, one might delve in the archives of old Manhattan, lazily survey the effigies of its worthiest citizens of by-gone times on the walls, or, ascending to the upper levels, enjoy the soothing companionship of Egyptian bulls embalmed some three thousand years ago, gaze upon the splendid relics of Pharaoh dynasties, or discover in dark corners fine examples of the old Dutch or Italian schools. It was, and is, a rare place, and it will be missed when it is no more.

But the Society is to be heartily congratulated on the move. For years past there have been but the poorest facilities for storing or using the library, or for exhibiting the valuable collections of works of art. Meanwhile, the members were moving away from what was once the best residence district of the city, and it was only the zeal of devoted officers and friends that kept the Society's clientèle and work from actual decline. It was necessary that this venerable institution should get into the current of New York life, and the erection of the building was an obvious measure of rejuvenation. It should mean, before long, a considerable increase in numbers and in working force.

What the scope of the Society will be is matter merely of conjecture. It is safe to say that no abrupt change will be made, and one would not have it otherwise. The Society is eminently the conservator of local tradition; in publishing and popularizing the antiquities of New York, it has a useful function that only needs to be sustained and extended. One should expect that in the future, as in the past, this work, which is indeed its very reason for existence, will have the preference.

One may fairly assume that the move uptown will bring the Society into closer relations with similar institutions. Although it is much more of a private club and much less of a corporation than, say, the Metropolitan or Natural History Museums or the Public Library, yet its aims are in many respects similar; and it is easy to imagine co-operation between them. We mean of an informal sort—a readiness to make scholars' agreements for the general good, without sacrifice of the identity, special interests, or trust obligations of the several parties. On a superficial observation of, say, the Public Library, the Metropolitan Museum, and the New York Historical Society, it is evident that each possesses things that were better bestowed among the others. For example, the Metropolitan Museum owns many paintings and portraits of high historical interest that would be much more valuable to an historical society than to a general museum. Similarly, the Lenox Branch of the Public Library has a collection of the early American school of painting that is relatively useless to a library, but germane to the purposes of an historical society. Again, the New York Historical Society possesses fine examples of European painting, that are apart from its main work and interests, but would gain double value in a museum of art.

In order not to be misunderstood, we hasten to say that we are not advocating a general exchange of exhibits, and that we are perfectly aware that all three institutions are bound by testamentary conditions which must be respected. We merely suggest that in years to come such readjustment is likely to be made, within certain limits. Meantime, since both the Lenox Library and the New York Historical Society are to be in a transition state while a new building is in progress, it is worth considering if what could not be done permanently might not be done as a loan and as a matter of temporary convenience. Such a bringing together of objects that logically belong together would be a great service to students—even though the arrangement lasted but a few months; it would reflect credit upon all concerned in so liberal and public-spirited a transaction.

But in all these matters we merely wish to note that the drift is in the direction of coöperation—as evinced by the recent alliance between Columbia University, the National Academy of Design, and the Metropolitan Museum—and to predict that the New York Historical Society will neither desire nor be able to maintain its present isolated position.

THE ORIGINAL RECORDS OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

The wisdom of the Canadian Government in appointing Dr. Arthur G. Doughty to the office of Dominion Archivist will be apparent to every one who examines the "Report concerning Canadian Archives for the year 1905." The report is in three large volumes, or will be when published. At present only one volume is ready for distribution; the other two are still in the hands of the King's Printer. The Archivist, recognizing the difficulty of getting to Ottawa to consult original documents, has initiated the policy of publishing a selection of the more important in the annual reports. The late Archivist, Dr. Douglas Brymner, attempted something in this direction, but he was always hampered by the unsympathetic attitude of the Canadian Government, and the material so published in his reports does not equal in the aggregate that contained in this one report of Dr. Doughty's.

Dr. Doughty outlines various plans which he has formed for gathering historical material and making it accessible. The first thing "is to let the public know what records exist and where they are to be found." As a beginning, he publishes in this 1905 report a summary of the archives found on the Island of Orleans. A similar report has been prepared for many other parishes, and this information will in time be systematically arranged and printed.

The gathering of material for the proposed "Guide to the Manuscript Materials of Canadian History" in the Province of Quebec, is in the hands of the Rev. P. M. O'Leary, D.S.O., formerly professor of history at the University of Laval. Dr. James Hannay, the historian, is investigating the archives of the Maritime Provinces, and his first general report forms a portion of the first volume of the 1905 Archives report. Dr. Hannay summarizes the available historical material in the three Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Nova Scotia has devoted more care to the collection and preservation of her archives than the other two. Dr. Hannay gives a list of the material in the Provincial Archives at Halifax. He divides it into four classes: documents which relate to the French occupation; those connected with the purely military occupation of Annapolis Royal from 1710 to 1749; those of a later date, from the establishment of Halifax as capital of the Province; and those relating to the Island of Cape Breton. For the French period there is not much at Halifax; the bulk of the material on the history of Acadie is in the Archives at Ottawa. Among the few valuable documents at Halifax; however, are the letters of the Governors of Acadie from 1692 to 1710; the diary of Governor Villebon; and the correspondence of Des Goutin, Bonaventure, and other Colonial officials with the Government in Paris. The most interesting of the documents for the period of military rule immediately following the English conquest of the country, are those bearing on the expulsion of the Acadians. Volume two of the present report will contain a number of hitherto unpublished documents which throw light upon the circumstances leading up to and attending the expulsion. With these documents are published a number of Acadian genealogies prepared by Placide Gaudet, the Genealogist of the Archives. Outside of the Provincial Archives, the most notable collection of manuscripts at Halifax is that gathered by the late Dr. Akins, for many years Provincial Archivist, and now the property of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. There are not many manuscripts, says Dr. Hannay, but "almost everything in the shape of a book or pamphlet which relates to the history of the three Maritime Provinces is to be found here, as well as many files of old newspapers."

An examination of the archives in western Canada has been begun by R. Laidlaw, of the Archives staff, with the coöperation of Dr. James Bain, chief librarian of the Toronto public library.

Some progress has already been made in the difficult field of historical manuscript

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material in private hands. Some notable acquisitions, announced in the 1905 report, are a collection of papers, presented by the present Earl of Durham, which were used by his grandfather in the preparation of his famous "Report on the Affairs of British North America," known as the "Canadian Magna Charta." In the Selkirk collection in Scotland were found over three thousand private papers which throw a flood of light on the state of Canadian society between 1810 and 1830. Two other important private collections, the Townshend and Chatham papers, have been removed to the Public Record Office in London in order that they may be examined by officers of the Canadian Archives, and copies made of such documents as may bear on Canadian history.

The third volume of the 1905 Report consists of documents relating to the Constitutional history of Canada, from the Cession to the Constitutional Act of 1791. While some of these documents have appeared in print before, they have not always been in authentic form, and in some cases are now practically inaccessible. Many other documents are printed here for the first time. The whole, accompanied by a full index, forms an important body of material, of interest not merely to the Canadian student, but to any one dealing with the history and development of Colonial government. The editing of this volume, with the introduction and notes, is the work of Prof. Adam Shortt of Queen's University, Kingston.

Accompanying the report are facsimiles of certain hitherto unpublished plans, including York (now Toronto) in 1823; the fortifications of Quebec, by De Léry; the battle of Ste. Foy in 1760, and Quebec in 1660. L. J. B.

THE BOOK WAR AND OTHER LONDON TOPICS.

LONDON, November 7.

The new Battle of the Books is less interesting than the old combat in which Charles Perrault, Boyle, Bentley, Swift, and other famous men took heroic parts. The modern financial combat is noisy with letters to the press in which authors, publishers, and the manager of the *Times* proclaim their merits and their wrongs. In bad grammar I cannot honestly say that the manager of the *Times* deserves the prize, for I have read very few of the manifestoes, but I do think that it will be difficult for any champion to beat him. One author complains that he did some work for a publisher and received no reward. He had "asked for nothing and got nothing," as the neglected child said at the end of a tea-party, though in what way the circumstance affects the present controversy I cannot divine. People contribute publisher stories to the *Times* as they send dog stories to the *Spectator*, and ghost stories to the *Journal of Psychical Research*. These anecdotes have nothing to do with the propriety of the newspaper's attempt to swallow up the booksellers, and to "sell a bear" of books.

Meanwhile, the subscribers to the Book Club of the *Times* do not really, I think, want to buy books, for which most of them can have no sort of use. They merely want bargains, like the ladies who purchase wares which they do not need, because these *chiffons*, and so forth, are being sold "at an alarming sacrifice." Few, indeed, are the people who really desire to possess large volumes about the Life and Adventures of the late Lord Randolph Churchill or the late Macchailean Mor. When a man has skimmed through the pages of this sort of literature, he never wants to look at them again, unless he is an historical writer, and the profession of the historian is not overcrowded. What the buyers want is to point to such biographies and say, "Do you see these books? They were published at eight dollars, and I bought them for two!" That is the humor of it, and it is an humor which must pall in the long run.

It is believed that "Lucile" and other poems of the late Lord Lytton were much more popular in America than in England. They appeared when I was still at an age omnivorous of poetry, yet I never read them, though they were admiringly quoted by Miss Braddon in her novels. Why did I not read the work of "Owen Meredith," while I was "turning with nocturnal and diurnal hand" the poems of Keats and Shelley, of Tennyson, Browning, William Morris, Rossetti, and Mr. Swinburne? I can give no reason for this negligence of "Owen Meredith," but certainly his "Letters," edited by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, are very well worth reading by the lover of literature, as well as by the student of politics, society, and Anglo-Indian affairs. To quote a line of Lord Lytton's, "One finds one's self quietly falling in love" with the letter-writer, especially when he was young, eager, ardent in pursuit of the laurels, and so affectionate that he addresses Mr. John Morley as "Dearest Morley." His mind was amazingly brilliant without being flashy, and was rich in a hundred interests, while his relations with his father, the famous novelist, were manly, and creditable to him in a remarkable degree. He seems to have been as warmly attached as Dickens himself to Dickens's friend, Forster, remembered by a later generation as "a harbitrary gent." To both of the Brownings he was devoted, though an unexplained coolness arose between him and Mr. Browning, from what cause, poetical, political, or personal, we are not informed. Lady Betty Balfour has done her selective and editorial work with piety and discretion, so that hers is one of the best books about the famous folk of a fading generation.

A biography of Irving (Edward, the founder of a sect, not the actor, for whom consult the book of Mr. Bram Stoker) is also being undertaken, I believe, and ought to be interesting. Mrs. Oliphant's biography of the preacher who reminded Sir Walter Scott of "Satan disguised as an angel of light" did not tell nearly enough about the strange early wave of Scottish religious enthusiasm out of which Irvingism arose among the excitable descendants of the old western Covenanters. These people are Cymric in origin, and are born enthusiasts. Their ancestors were the last burners of witches, and the first to hold modern "revival meetings." I felt sure that the early Irvingites must have floated in the air, or been "levitated," like many saints, many mediums, and many victims of witchcraft. Mrs. Oliphant told us nothing about this; but, on looking into contemporary records of Irvingism, I found that some devotees were said to float in the air. The subject is made to the hand of Prof. William James. As far as I am aware, the Rev. Mr. Irving himself disliked all these floatings, and gabblings in unknowable tongues, but they were the background of his movement. He was an excellent man, and could not help having a squint, though he need not have worn his hair long.

Among novels it is not possible for me honestly to praise "Prisoners," by Miss Cholmondeley, because the "machinery"—the confession of murder to save a lady's character—simply will not work. Events could not have happened as they are said to have happened, even if people did behave as foolishly as the persons of the drama do behave. Nor am I credulous of a married tutor of a college whose talk would have "brought a blush to the cheek of a baboon." The baboon is notoriously non-moral; compared with him the gorilla is as respectable as that most reputable class of men, married tutors of colleges. Mr. Hope's "Sophy of Kravonia" is in his "Zenda" style of romance, with an adventurous heroine in place of an adventurous hero. To enjoy this kind of novel is not given to all mankind, and women as a rule prefer something less chivalrous. But "Sophy" is good enough for boys and men who have not ceased to be boyish in their tastes, and is better, I think, than the author's second book about "Zenda."

The present writer himself, having finished a book on Homer, and another, in four huge tomes, on that popular subject, the History of Scotland, would like to begin his History of the Maids of Honour. No less than two biographies of James III. and VIII., invidiously styled "The Old Pretender," are "on the stocks." The "Aged P" (as Wemmick might have called him) will appear as a great Christian gentleman, so surprising are the revelations of history. By Thackeray, in "Esmond," and by all our historians, the saintly Prince has been "damned at a venture." His character was really rather like that of Tennyson's King Arthur, but it is untrue that his Queen played the part of Guinevere with, for Lancelot—the Pope! That is a myth of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's.

ANDREW LANG.

Correspondence.

SPELLING BY SYLLABLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter in your issue of November 8, from Prof. J. S. Clark of Northwestern University, on the cause of bad spelling, is confirmed by my own experience. In the examination of students at different times for many years, I find that those who had learned to spell by syllables were usually correct in their spelling, while those who had been taught the word method of reading often had a hard time of it. Professor Clark hits the nail on the head. The "word method" is responsible for much bad spelling. A. F. BEARD.

New York, November 19.

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AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The papers are paying considerable attention to the visit of 500 English teachers, under the direction of Alfred Mosely, who thinks that American schools are better than those of his own country. Mr. Mosely, who is primarily a business man, does not, of course, speak as an educational expert. My own opinion, if I may venture it, is that he is much in error, so far as secondary schools are concerned.

I am glad he secured for these English teachers so cheap a rate as $25 for the round trip across the ocean. I only wish that he would do the same for 500 American teachers, so that they might see how much more and better work the English boy of nineteen has accomplished than the American boy of the same age. The daily tasks for boys of sixteen or seventeen in English schools would, if imposed on boys or girls in the highest class of any secondary school in this country, evoke from the pupils rank mutiny and from their parents loud complaint. The requirements for admission to West Point are child's play compared with the competitive examinations for Woolwich and Sandhurst. The same is true of the College Examination Board's examinations in this country as compared with those of the Oxford and Cambridge school certificate examinations in England. The English boy of nineteen goes straight from the sixth form of his school into the Classical Honor School at Oxford or the Classical Tripos at Cambridge. No ordinary graduate of an American secondary school could do that without one or two years' additional study of the classics. The Rhodes scholars who are graduates of our colleges are nettled to find that such boys far surpass them in knowledge of the classics. The course of study for the Sixth Form at Rugby, Winchester, and all the leading schools reads like the curriculum of the sophomore or junior year in an American university.

Let no one, be he editor, parent, teacher, or pupil, lay the flattering unction to his soul that American schools are better than the English, tested by the finished product in mental power, discipline, and accumulated knowledge. Such advice as this is now much needed, considering the steady oozing of virility out of our courses of study, and the steady growth of the sugar-coated-pill theory of education. The New York Schoolmasters' Association demands of the College Entrance Examination Board representation on the committees that frame examination papers, and on those that examine the books; and they get it. Then they grumble because the present moderate requirements are too hard and wish them made easier. Harvard has dropped to the point where she will give a candidate credit if he passes in a single subject, so that he can enter college by piecemeal in the course of a few years.

I know a little about the secondary schools of Germany and France, considerably more about those of England, and a good deal about those in the United States. It is my deep-rooted conviction that, judged by the tests I have mentioned, those of my own beloved country are inferior to the rest in intellectual vigor and most need a virile uplift. George L. Fox.

New Haven, Conn., November 12.

"THE PRESENT POSITION OF LATIN AND GREEK."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I beg to reply to the comments of Professors Child and Kelsey on my article under the above title in the *Nation* of October 4. Professor Child's criticisms are mainly the result of misunderstanding the point of my argument. My point was not that "the degree of A.B. is quite as significant of a certain profitable discipline, whether or no it stand warrant for any Greek at all," but that the effective preservation of the A.B., and *all that goes with it*, can be secured only by broadening the terms on which it may be obtained, and on which students may matriculate for it. The phrase italicized above means, in its context, Latin and Greek—not "the tag and good-will of the old firm," as Professor Child supposes. My contention is simply that the preservation of Latin and Greek is best secured by the effective preservation of the A.B. degree; this degree in turn is saved from practical extinction only by broadening its terms for admission and graduation. This involves no comment, expressed or implied, on the value of the degree thus administered, and hence no implication as to the relative merits of the classics and modern studies. I merely urge that such administration is better for Latin and Greek.

Professor Kelsey's criticisms are directed mainly toward the accuracy of my figures concerning the number of students of Latin and Greek in secondary schools and colleges. He rightly assumes that they indicate only general conclusions; their use for further inference is, I believe, at least hazardous. He notes certain errors in the figures for 1904, but fails to observe that similar errors occur in those for 1894 regarding the number of secondary students in Latin, and for 1901 regarding college students of Greek. Without going into details, I may say that the statistics quoted nearly fulfil the statistician's requirement, *i. e.*, they represent "phenomena of the same class, but existing at different points of time." Since the errors are approximately constant, their elimination would not affect my general conclusions, which were, first, that Greek appears to be declining slowly in the face of a general increase in the secondary school and college population; and, second, that Latin is increasing, both relatively and absolutely, the absolute increase being phenomenal.

Professor Kelsey's data showing the rapid decline in secondary students of Greek, coincident with the abandonment of prescribed college entrance Greek, would go far to refute my statement that this abandonment has not greatly influenced the decline, if he could also prove that the prescription of entrance Greek is the only factor influencing the number of its secondary students. This proof is, of course, impossible. On the other hand, certain other potent influences in the same direction are easily discernible. The administrative difficulty of providing for small classes is one; the rapid drift of matriculants toward college degrees not requiring Greek is another; and still others might be named. These, taken together, seem to me the most powerful influences in this direction; continued prescription could only have delayed an inevitable result, and it might have caused a far more disastrous reaction against Greek. Arthur O. Norton.

Harvard University, November 14.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE NAVY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As editor of "A Contribution to the Bibliography of the History of the United States Navy," by Charles T. Harbeck, allow me to correct two errors in the review in your issue of November 8.

The title, "A Review of a Pamphlet, purporting to be Documents in Relation to the differences which subsisted between the late Commodore O. Perry and Captain Jesse D. Elliott: By a Citizen of Massachusetts. Supported by facts made known to the world in 1820 and '21 by the accused. Boston: H. B. & J. Brewster, prs., 1834, 55 pp. 8°," may be found on p. 94. "A Reply by L. M. Goldsborough to an attack made upon the Navy of the United States, by Samuel E. Coues, President of the Peace Society. In which a brief notice is taken of the recent Fourth of July oration delivered at Boston by Charles Sumner. Portsmouth: C. H. Brewster, pr., 1845, 23 pp., 8°," may also be found on p. 165.

The Fanning memoir and the Coues pamphlet were obtained too late for insertion in their proper places, and it was considered undesirable to have a section "additions," since a bibliography may be added to indefinitely and never be complete. Agnes C. Doyle.

Public Library, Boston, Mass., November 15.

[That these two titles were not discovered shows the weakness of a much classified "Bibliography." The "Review of a Pamphlet" is entered under Perry in the class "Biography, Single Works." Sabin enters it under Elliott, in whose interest it was, we believe, written. The "differences" between these two commanders related to the Battle of Lake Erie, which is the heading of a class in the "Bibliography," and this title should have been entered there, where is found the original piece, "Documents in Relation to the Differences," etc., of which this is a "Review." The Goldsborough piece is entered under "Organization, Administration, Equipment, Defence," and though other titles of books by Goldsborough are entered under other heads, this one should nevertheless have been discovered.—The Reviewer.]

AMERICAN FLYING MACHINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to call attention to an error in your issue of November 15, in which you say:

M. Santos-Dumont, by a flight of more than 200 metres in his airship, becomes the first skipper of a flying machine who has risen from the level, flown for an appreciable distance, and landed without serious mishap.

The previous experiments by M. Santos-Dumont and his winning a large prize for flight in a dirigible balloon have been so widely reported that his latest achievement with a genuine airship without the aid of gas, is popularly accepted as the first of its kind.

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It seems certain, however, that to America belongs the honor; and this should be known and recognized now, at the beginning of what is undoubtedly to be the period of successful air-flight by man. The studies of the late Professor Langley resulted in a model of an airship which sustained its own weight in flight for three-quarters of a mile over the Potomac. It is not so generally known that two Americans—the Wright brothers of Dayton, O.—after some years of experiment on the sand dunes of the Carolina coast, with apparatus akin to that of the German Lillienthal, solved the problem of the airship, within the past year, in an enclosed park near Dayton. They made many successful flights, of at first short but later increased duration. Finally, one of the brothers made a continuous flight of about twenty-five miles at an average rate of forty miles per hour; but purposely, as in the case of Santos-Dumont, at no great height above the earth.

These statements were testified to at the time of the convention in New York last winter of those interested in man-flight, and there was published in the New York *Tribune* a testimonial to the facts, signed by officials and other citizens of Dayton.

C. H. AMES.

Boston, Mass., November 16.

[It is possible that the brothers Wright have exceeded Santos-Dumont's exploit, but their trials were conducted in such secrecy and so little is known as to the nature of their flying machine, that their record must count as at least doubtful. The *Tribune* itself, to which Mr. Ames refers, said in an editorial note on November 18:

The unquestioned success achieved with his aeroplane by Santos-Dumont makes it extremely desirable that the Wright brothers come to the front and show the world what they can do. Around the pretence of these Americans that they accomplished a year or two ago what Langley attempted in vain there has hung a veil of doubt. Can't it be dispelled?

—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce as ready for publication "The Vagabond in Literature," by Arthur Rickett; "Uganda to Khartoum, Life and Adventures on the Upper Nile," by Albert B. Lloyd, author of "In Dwarfland and Cannibal Country"; "Fairy-Gold," an illustrated book of old English Fairy Tales; and two Anthologies, "The Pilgrims' Way," by Quiller-Couch, and "The Wayfarer," by Claude E. Benson.

The Hon. George Wyndham, M.P., former Under-Secretary of State for War, has written a monograph on "Ronsard and La Pléiade," which the Macmillan Company is publishing this week.

The first number of the *American Political Science Review*, dated November, is edited by W. W. Willoughby of Johns Hopkins as managing editor, with whom are associated John A. Fairlie, University of Michigan; Frank J. Goodnow, Columbia; John H. Latané, Washington and Lee; C. E. Merriam, University of Chicago; Robert H. Whitten, Albany; Paul S. Reinsch, University of Wisconsin; Benjamin F. Shambaugh, University of Iowa; and Eugene Wambough, Harvard; as a board of editors. This issue opens with an article on the "Usurped Powers of the Senate," by A. Maurice Low; and recognizes the ever-growing importance of the Southern problem by two articles. John C. Rose writes on "Negro Suffrage: The Constitutional Point of View," while Gilbert T. Stephenson treats of "Racial Distinctions in Southern Law." Prof. W. F. Dodd contributes an "Index of Comparative Legislation," and there are fourteen book reviews. This magazine bids fair to be a notable addition to the growing group of periodicals carried on by American scholars and university teachers. In excellence of paper and print and general attractiveness, it exceeds them all. It is published quarterly from the Waverly Press of Baltimore by the American Political Science Association.

Sidney Lee's "Life" of Shakspere has long thrown into the shade an earlier essay, called "Stratford-on-Avon," of which a reprint has just been published (J. B. Lippincott Co.). In the twenty-one years that have passed since its first appearance, there has been industrious revision of the few facts in the poet's life as to which we can feel any certainty, and in the new edition Mr. Lee has made the necessary additions and qualifications. The book has a value as a supplement to the detailed biography, in that it describes the social history of the town, its municipal life, guilds, and local customs, from its first entry into history in the seventh century down to the poet's death. The book is written with the seriousness and caution that are characteristic of all Mr. Lee's work, and is in all cases based on documents. The illustrations are by Mr. Hull, Herbert Railton, and others. The most pleasing are decidedly Mr. Railton's drawings of Charlecote manor, the home of the Lucys.

In "Montaigne: A Study" (Henry Frowde), R. Warwick Bond presents anew the familiar outlines of the essayist's life, together with a number of conventional pronouncements on the man and the character of his work. Where the critic ventures on original conjecture or interpretation, we at times fail to see the cogency of his argumentation. If Montaigne's statement to Madame d'Estissac (II. 8) concerning the point of departure in his essay-writing is "palpably false" (p. 36), why may we not fancy his remarks on women in general to savor often of the mere *boutade*? To proceed from an apparently preconceived notion as to what the man really was, and reject what does not square with the notion, is hardly a convincing way of estimating the marvellously complex psychology of that most engaging of egotists. Any comparison between Montaigne and Shakspere, which professes to discover the divergences of their respective natures in that the former possessed the comic sense, while the latter conceives "the universe as one great monologue spoken by God," ignores what many a reader has ere now detected between the lines of the "Apologie de Raimond Sebond." This study is dedicated, in exotic French, to A. I. Feuillerat.

We have seldom seen a better collection of New York views than that contained in Charles Huard's "New York comme je l'ai vu" (Paris: Eugène Rey). M. Huard is an artist who saw a great deal that interested him in the American metropolis. His book contains some 200 capital sketches of New York scenes and types, in pen and ink and charcoal. In a running commentary the artist-author discloses himself as eager to be pleased. If one thing caught his fancy more than another it was the skyscraper; if there was a single thing for which he could find no word of praise it was the cuisine. M. Huard certainly has the distinction, rare among Continental critics, of emphasizing the sunlight rather than the shadow of American life.

Students of the history of municipal government in the United States will find what is perhaps the most valuable single source for the colonial period now made available in the eight volumes of "Minutes of the Common Council of the City of New York, 1675-1776" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The work is published by authority of the city government, and is ably edited by a committee of the New York Historical Society, of which Prof. Herbert L. Osgood of Columbia University was chairman. The text is taken from two bound manuscript copies, the original manuscript minutes having disappeared. All after the first volume are supplemented by valuable committee reports, and other documents discovered after the editorial work was well under way. There were not many chartered boroughs in America before the Revolution; and the material for a study of them has been meagre. Even the records that exist, like those of Albany and Philadelphia, are much less complete than these. Boston was merely an overgrown New England town, and its records, although complete, offer little of value to the student of early municipal institutions.

It is now seven years since H. G. Graham published his "Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century." During the interval this work, which originally filled two large volumes in octavo, has been reprinted with various alterations of both size and contents. It now appears (The Macmillan Co.) in a cheaper and more compact form than ever before, having become one of the historical books for which there is a steady demand. Mr. Graham's main conception is that the political crises through which Scotland passed in the eighteenth century are unimportant in comparison with the social changes of that age. Leaving out the Jacobite risings, Scotland has no political history from the death of Queen Anne to 1800. Its state affairs were little more than obscure intrigues of Whig and Tory or the "manœuvres of nobles and placemen who travel southwards : : . to win favor with great statesmen at Westminster or courtiers at St. James's—figures not very real to us to-day as they flit across the stage, 'transient and embarrassed phantoms.'" But over against the poverty of political incident which marks the fifty years following Culloden, there is a great wealth of social and economic interest. A continuous revolution was going on—"a gradual trans-

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formation in manners, customs, opinions, among every class; the rise and progress of agricultural, commercial, and intellectual activity, that turned waste and barren tracts to fertile fields, stagnant towns to centres of busy trade, a lethargic and slovenly populace to an active, enterprising race; an utterly impoverished country to a prosperous land." To trace the details of this momentous evolution is a task which Mr. Graham has discharged so well that we are glad to see his book descend from its large and expensive two volumes to the more useful, if humbler, form of a popular edition.

In a substantial volume of nearly seven hundred pages, with the title "Introduction to the English Historians" (The Macmillan Company), Charles Beard of Columbia University has printed for class use extracts from the leading secondary authorities on English history. Much may be said to justify a collection of this kind as an aid to the teaching of large classes for whose use a sufficient number of copies of the original works cannot be obtained. Apart from such use the volume is of no particular value. Even outside Mr. Beard's own classroom it is an open question how far such a collection will find a following. No two men will select the same series of references for classes, and Mr. Beard's list might be duplicated by another or many others equally good. We are inclined to think his selections somewhat severe for college freshmen; and his statement that the works from which these extracts are taken might well form part of a preparatory school library, seems but an expression of youthful optimism. The writings of Maitland, Gneist, Stubbs, and Cunningham can hardly be read intelligently by any student before his third year in college and we doubt if many students are ready to read them even at that time.

In that excellent series, "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846," now in course of publication (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Company), there are at hand three new volumes, xxii.-xxiv., of unusual interest. Maximilian, Prince of Wied-Neuwied, after fighting in the Napoleonic wars, at last followed his scientific tastes, and, leaving his domain on the Rhine, visited as a scientific traveller both South and North America. From 1832 to 1834 he was in the Mississippi Valley, both east and west of the river, his more important observations being made on the Missouri, which he ascended to Maria's River, far toward the Rocky Mountains. His companion, a gifted young painter, Bodmer, made many sketches, particularly of Indians and their life, perhaps the best ever drawn. The interesting narrative of the Prince, with Bodmer's delineations (to be included in vol. xxv. of the series), constitute together a noteworthy record. Maximilian's Indian vocabularies and essay on sign-language, till now not accessible, add much to the importance of the work, for the studies were made when savage life could be observed under the best conditions. Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites's Introduction and numerous annotations show his usual care and scholarship, while the publishers present the books in handsome form. In the same series appear also "Travels in the Far West, 1836-1841," by Edmund Flagg, and the "Letters and Narratives" of Father Pierre Jean de Smet, 1840-1842 (vols. xxvi. and xxvii.). Flagg was an industrious journalist, also a writer of books once in favor, who had the power to observe closely and describe graphically. The great States of what we know as the Middle West were in Flagg's time incipient, and his pages relate vividly the beginnings. The account of the Jesuit De Smet is a later chapter in that marvellous story of zeal and achievement which Dr. Thwaites has laid open for all in editing the "Jesuit Relations." Though a later chapter, it scarcely falls behind its predecessors in absorbing interest. The young Belgian priest, setting out from St. Louis, made his way to the country of the Flatheads in the mountains, then the remotest wilderness. He did not fall short of the standard of his great order in devotedness, nor does he lack skill in setting forth what he did and saw. This series throughout is a most creditable enterprise.

The Paris correspondent of the *Nation* writes: The unexpectedness of the Hohenlohe Memoirs is almost as refreshing in France as in Germany. They are not ordinary memoirs, but rather tell-tale impressions of persons and things in the Third French Republic as they were felt by a keenly sensitive and experienced observer. No one ever dreamed that the spare-framed, brick-complexioned German ambassador, sitting silent for the most part, with lack-lustre eyes and head leaning boredly over the right shoulder, was taking interior notes of the passing show, to be transcribed by night with disconcerting frankness and left to be printed. Two prognostications of Bismarck concerning the French republic continue to be of prime actuality. In 1880 he said:

We Germans can only rejoice at France's appropriating Morocco. She will then have enough to do, and we can allow her to enlarge her territory in Africa as compensation for Alsace-Lorraine.

In 1882 he added:

If the French ask the English to leave them free footing in Syria it's all the same to us. Let the French everywhere do whatever they wish—provided they keep away from the Rhine!

The N-rays cleverly effect an entrance into the "New English Dictionary," whose sixth volume reaches N-Niche with the October instalment under Mr. Craigie's oversight (H. Frowde). The discovery is but three years old, and it is well to be reminded that we owe it to M. Blondlot of the University of Nancy, and the symbolic letter of the name to the initial of the town itself. The present tract of the letter N is commendably cathotic in its drafts upon all the languages of the earth, and among its Eastern borrowings Nabob well illustrates our absorbent and plastic mother tongue. We have not only taken it in, but have built upon it a host of derivates—Nabobess, Nabobship, Nabobery, Nabobical, Nabobish, Nabobishly, Nabobism, Nabobry—mostly with a humorous-censorious implication. In another example, we have fashioned Nanism, Nanity, Nanization, while eschewing the root word, meaning dwarf. Naïf(e) dates back to 1598, whereas Naïve, appearing in 1654, has been very imperfectly naturalized, having still a tendency to be kept foreign by italicising. Dryden's Naïveté, on the other hand (1673), has held its own against Naïvety. While we have welcomed Renaissance, we would have none of Caxton's ventured Naissance (origin, birth); nor did he fare better with his little boat, his Nacelle, Dante's *navicella*, on which he hoisted his poetic sail after emerging from the Inferno. Apparently by way of Spain, Narrate was an exotic in 1656; a century later it was a Scotticism in the view of Richardson the novelist and of Dr. Johnson, and in 1813 the *Quarterly Review* picked it out of a Scotch work as abominable and absolutely to be proscribed. This was all the more odd because Narration (1432), Narrative, Narratory, Narrator, had long been in vogue through the medium of the French. Such prejudices it is one of the functions of the Oxford Dictionary to suppress, or at least the flaunting of them. We recall Dr. Francis Lieber's objection to Native-born as tautological, but it has the high antiquity of 1500; and we have Natural-born (1583) and Naturally-born (1523). Some of us may have noticed the recent poverty-stricken journalese efflorescence of Nearby for "adjacent," "adjoining," "neighboring," "in the vicinity," etc., etc. The use is, in fact, mostly confined to this country, but George Macdonald exhibits it in 1858. We note here that our periphrastic "in the neighborhood of," for about, crept into the London *Times* in 1893.

It is for the Dictionary to record, not reprobate, modes of speech and of syntax as revealed in their historical map. Purists who endeavor to draw the line between Necessaries and Necessities, will find Miss Mitford a trespasser in the footsteps of Caxton (1481). Foreigners generally monopolize the censure of English for its excess of synonyms, and will have cause on viewing Necessarian, Necessitarian. Necessitudinarian; and, again, Neglectable, Negligeable. Negligible. "Neither—or" occurs in good writers, early and late; and Newman and Ruskin chime in with Shakspere in coupling Neither with a plural verb. Traces of the mighty are discernible in Nap (Napoleon), for a gold coin, a card-game, a top-boot (so Wellington) and, in the United States, a cannon. The Erasmian trail appears in the first and earliest quotation for Neat (1542), in Udall's translation of the "Apophthegms." "Nailed to the counter" is allotted to Dr. O. W. Holmes in 1842, but it is, of course, a much older locution. Daniel O'Connell applied it scathingly in 1846 to a proslavery judge in South Carolina, one O'Neall: "Let his O be blotted out at any rate, and then *nail* the rap to the counter." We wonder, by the way, what Dr. Holmes would have said to the definition of Nag (a small riding horse or pony), as covering the raw-boned, ill-favored, but often speedy beast so abundant to view in any shire town of New England. We draw our spinning to a close with three further observations: that for more than a century Negro has prevailingly been spelt with a small initial (as if to emphasize color rather than race); that the Speaker of the House of Commons began to "name" disorderly members in 1792; and that the American inventor of the word Peneplain (correlative to Peninsula) might have paused if he had known of the obsolete Near-isle.

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The extent to which the results of modern advanced theological thought is being popularized in Germany can be seen from the phenomenal success of the "Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher." This series of small books, some of them only good-sized pamphlets, was begun about two years ago under the editorship of Fr. M. Schiele, for the express purpose of bringing the teachings of critical theology to the attention of the people at large. This series has now just passed into the hands of the publisher, J. C. B. Mohr of Tübingen, and in connection with the transfer, it is announced that a total of more than 150,000 copies of the perhaps dozen pamphlets so far issued have been sold. The "Jesus" of Professor Bousset has appeared in 20,000 copies, and the "Paul" of Professor Wrede in 10,000.

The bi-centenary of the birth of Henry Fielding will be celebrated by a dinner in London on April 22, 1907. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will preside.

A portrait of Dr. Arthur John Evans will soon be presented to the Ashmolean Museum, of which for many years he has been keeper. His distinguished services to archæology, numismatics, and history—especially in connection with the epoch-making discoveries at Knossos—are known to the world of scholars, many of whom in England and Germany have joined in contributing to this memorial tribute. Doubtless, American scholars and others interested in the Cretan disclosures may wish to share in this well-deserved tribute. Contributions may be sent to Messrs. Barclay & Co., Old Bank, Oxford, or to the Hon. Treasurer, G. A. Macmillan, St. Martin's Street, W. C., London.

The American Philological Association will hold its annual meeting at the George Washington University, Washington, D. C., January 2 to 4, in connection with the general meeting of the Archæological Institute of America. The address of the president of the Philological Association, Prof. Elmer Truesdell Merrill of Trinity College, Hartford, will be given at a joint session of the two societies on the evening of Wednesday, January 2. A full programme of the meeting is to be issued early in December.

In the *Empire Review* Hubert Reade gives an interesting account of the proposed founding of a university in Johannesburg, for which the late Alfred Beit left the sum of one million dollars. The university proper will be built in a wooded grove, formerly the property of Beit, near the city. According to the conditions of the will the university must be opened within ten years after the death of the testator.

For the first time the Germans are going to try something like an elective system in their secondary schools. The Cultus Minister of Saxony has published a scheme which next term will be tentatively introduced into four gymnasia of that kingdom. The experiment will be confined to the prima, or highest of the nine classes. This class is henceforth to be divided into two sections, one giving special attention to language and historical studies, the other to mathematics and natural sciences, at the choice of the pupil. The separation will be anything but radical, since in the second section, too, there will still be five hours of Greek per week and four of Latin. The purpose of the innovation is to make a beginning of the specialization that marks the university course.

The "story hour" at the public library is an expedient for giving wholesome entertainment to children which might be adopted in many cities and large towns. It consists simply in the coming of children at stated times to the library to listen to stories told by a skilled narrator. At the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh the scheme has proved a marked success, and in Boston the centennial of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen was celebrated by a gathering of children at the public library, to whom—a large and interested audience—a lady told Andersen stories. So great was the interest shown that the examining committee have recommended the establishment of the story hour as a regular part of the library work among the young.

The opinion has recently been expressed by a recognized authority that it is hardly worth while to establish permanent libraries in places of less than 400 or 500 people; that the problem must be met by the travelling library. Yet of the 275 public libraries chartered by the Regents of the State of New York since 1892, 58 are in places of less than 500 population. The total population of these 58 places in 1900 was 16,495; the libraries in them have a total of 79,154 volumes, and an annual circulation of 116,268 volumes. The average population of these places is 286; the average number of books in each library is 1,357, and the average annual circulation is 2,004 volumes. The per capita supply of books is 4.7, and the per capita circulation is 7. To equal these averages, it would be necessary for the circulating department of the New York Public Library or for the Utica Public Library to increase its present circulation threefold, and to increase the present supply of books, the one seventeen and the other seven fold.

At the annual meeting this autumn of the Library Association of England the president, Sir William H. Bailey, said that there are now about 600 public libraries with 5,809,196 books, and nearly 50,000,000 readers.

The *Bote aus Zion*, the religious quarterly which for nearly a quarter of a century has been edited in Jerusalem by the representatives of the famous Syrian Orphans' Home of Father Schneller, publishes in its latest issue, an account of splendid synagogue ruins unearthed by the expedition of the German Orientgesellschaft at Tel-Hum. This is the probable site of the New Testament Capernaum, and some savants are confident that the remains are those of the very synagogue in which Christ himself preached his first sermon and performed some of his notable miracles. The structure was a massive building, almost square in form, with two parallel rows of columns through the middle. Only one side, the eastern, has been preserved in a comparatively satisfactory condition; but this is so richly decorated with architectural ornaments of a distinctively Jewish type that no doubt as to the Jewish character of the structure can be entertained.

RECENT VERSE.

Young Alfred Noyes, whose epic "Drake" has been received with surprising acclaim in the English reviews, is now introduced by Hamilton W. Mabie to American readers in a volume of selected poems (The Macmillan Co.). Mr. Noyes has drawn inspiration from a rather exceptional range of literature—classic poets, Celtic legends, travellers' tales, English ballads, Holy Writ, tales of the road, and Lord Rosebery on Napoleon; but he has digested this heterogeneous bee-bread with the eupepsy of vigorous poetic youth. There is a gusto in his work, a savor of opulence, variety, and ease that is full of hope. As yet Mr. Noyes is a little too adventurous in his quest of the striking subject, too proud of the mere muscles of his verse; but these are amiable defects in a young poet who, alongside of highly temperamental rhapsodies on barrel organs and mystical songs of Re-Birth, can compose such pregnant stanzas as these from "Statesmen":

> His hands upon the wheel deny
> The wild demands of circumstance;
> His eyes are on the distant sky
> Beyond the clouds of chance:
>
> And when, still beating up the wind,
> He slowly brings the Ship of State
> Home, though the people chafe to find
> How dark it is and late;
>
> With all his tacking courses run
> At last beyond the roaring sea,
> Men find him faithful to the one
> Haven where they would be.
>
> Far other he whose words are free
> To flatter weakness and conform;
> And help a drunken crew to flee
> Full sail before the storm;
>
> He scans the rainbow in the wave
> And dazzling spray around him hurled;
> Their light will last him till his grave
> Obliterates his world.

There is much to be said for the frank "closet-drama" as a literary form. It makes possible the presentation of a vigorous, significant action, with a telling compactness that the novel might complicate with loss; it gives room for the use of a richly colored, impassioned style that the novelist would adventure at his peril; and it has the special advantage of evoking—with the right reader—a wealth of memories of realms of gold. The three plays collected by Olive Tilford Dargan in "Lords and Lovers, and Other Dramas" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) make the most of these capacities of the form. "Lords and Lovers" is a romantic play in two parts of the time of Henry III. of England. It is as readable, using the word in its popular sense, as a good novel, while it has the added charm of workmanlike and impressive blank verse and of dramatic situations, possibly not actable, yet conceived with a fine theatrical unction. Without being imitative, it has something of the Elizabethan manner withal, and an easy opulence of mingled comedy and tragedy that is uncommon in latter-day drama. The second play, "The Shepherd," is in prose. It is a powerful presentation of contemporary Russian life, conceived with real force and imagination, though weakened as a work of art—as is also the concluding play, "The Siege"—by an obvious concession to the desire of the sentimental reader for a measurably happy consummation. In "The Siege" we have at once the worst drama, and, super-

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ficially at least, the best poetry of the volume. The action is feverish and unconvincing, but the "sentiments" are moving, and the stylistic dress uncommonly rich. A fair specimen is this bit of passionate Marlowesque, given to Aristocles who is drawn, somewhat audaciously, from Plato:

Aris.—My heart, say thou wilt come.
Ara.— 'Tis death.
Aris.— 'Tis life!
Come now, O now, else we are cast apart
Far as the dismal Night heaves her vast sigh,
Far as the laboring Chaos breathing blows—
Perchance to hurl eternally about
The farthest stars that from opposed heavens
Dart fiery scouts that die ere they have met,
So long their journey is. Or gloomier fate,
Condemned to sit like stones that once could weep
Forever in the cave of ended things
That deep in some immortal Lemnos lies
Nor ever opens its dank gates to day!
O, come ere we are lost! Be thy fair arms
The rainbow girdle to this longing storm
And its rude breast will pillow thee as soft
As Leda when, cool-rocked on lily couch,
The great down-bosomed god swam to her love!
Come, Aratea, heart of life! O now
This pulse speaks back to mine—this bosom throbs
Like heaven's Artemis unto her own!
(Kisses her.)
O kiss that holds the mornings of all time,
And dewy seasons of the ungathered rose,
Plant once again thy summer on my lips!"

Finer still as poetry is the concluding speech of the play, in which Dion, the true protagonist of the piece, dies after having obligingly bestowed his wife upon the golden-tongued Aristocles:

. . . Farewell, all hearts. My way is new and long,
And strange may be the fortunes of my shade,
But somewhere I shall lay me down in peace,
For death's unmeasured sea must own a strand,
And e'en eternity beat to a shore.

The two qualities that most impress the closest spectator of Percy Mackaye's poetic drama, "Jeanne d'Arc" (New York: the Macmillan Company), are its lyricism and its obvious spectacular possibilities. In part the lyrical flavor is a matter of the verse, which is sometimes elastic beyond, as it seems to us, the proper limits of even the most flexible blank verse. Thus, when in one of her passages of recitative, Jeanne begins:

Once in the midnight, when I saw them sleeping
After the battle, in the still moonshine,—

it needs but a pair of added lines, with alternate rhyme, to give us a jingling quatrain as far as possible removed from the true blank verse flavor. But even more is lyricism inherent in the whole structure and temper of the piece. It is a succession of moods and pictures with no real dramatic knot, and with but one or two dramatic situations; and the traditions of Jeanne d'Arc are sentimentalized to such a degree that they cease to be quite convincing, either as history or as material for tragedy embodying a criticism of life. The whole effect of the piece, with its succession of rich pictures, its lyrical *élan*, its pervasive sentimentality, is—for the reader at least—that of an opera.

"The Rosary and other Poems," by Robert Cameron Rogers (New York: The John Lane Co.), gives evidence of the intelligent study of a considerable variety of poetic styles and modes. Mr. Rogers's own range is wide enough to include a group of spirited Western poems, "The Prospector," "The Maverick," etc., and such a pleasantly ingenious sonnet as this:

Since none may kiss her eyes save Sleep and I,
Sleep holds himself my rival, and to-night,
Jealous of that he deems his sovereign right,
He will not look on me as he glides by.
What matter then! his malice I defy—
I'll dream awake until the waking light,
Dreams winged with longing sent in Sleep's despite,
To haunt her chamber till the dark hours fly.

Sleep, should thy languid kiss her eyelids seal,
Then she will dream and dream alone of me;
But if to kiss them haply shouldst decline,
Her waking thoughts across the night will steal
To meet with mine. Ah, Sleep, unknown to thee,
I shall prevail whichever path is thine.

Yet with all its variety and intelligence the volume just misses distinction, chiefly, we should guess, because of a certain limitation of sentiment and because the life in it has been strained through too many books.

"Trumpet and Flag," by Edward Sydney Tylee (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), is in the phrase of its sub-title a "collection of poems of war and peace." The poems of war are better than those of peace—as must always be the case while passion continues to be a motive in the affairs of men, and the mother of poetry—but even at their best, despite a gift of swinging metre and vigorous phrase, Mr. Tylee's more ambitious pieces have a certain careful timeliness, a skilful obviousness that gives them rather the attraction of an eloquent leading article than of poetry. We like him better in such a fresh and zestful piece as "The Diver":

Swift arrowy flight through sun-soft air;
Bright kiss of waters crystal cool;
The middle darkness of the pool
Of shadowy monsters half aware:
Till deafened by the eddying swirl
I waver back to life again,
And yon June heaven's turquoise stain
Far-flecked with plumes of flying pearl.

Ah, joy! to feel the silken wave
Slip softly over breast and side!
And send great billows circling wide,
To flood the vole's grass-hidden cave;
And stir the water-lily's raft
At anchor in yon little bay,
Where points of glittering sapphire play,
And almost wreck that fairy craft.

O beauty of the Day that dies!
O scented airs from mead and wood!
O pleasure of the dancing blood!
As from the river I arise,
And by its pure embraces seem
Of passion and of care bereft:
A spirit just set free that left
The heavy body in the stream.

In the *caveat emptor* prefixed to his "Pedlar's Pack" (New York: E. D. North) Daniel Henry Holmes modestly affirms that he does not propose to "Homerize or Virgilate," but merely to help "a tired man to kill a Sunday." Yet, though his original and vivacious verse should prove adequate to this end, there is much in the book of serious intent and admirable execution. There is something in the color and composition of Mr. Holmes's verse that suggests the artist's eye, and when in the prelude to a section of "Decorative Panels for Painters Only" we come upon the following, we feel that we have found the secret of his quality:

A LONG WAY AFTER W. E. H.

Sons of the North-light,
Up with your brushes!
Children of Pigment,
Thumb through your pallet!
Look on the flamboyant World about ye,
Hark to the resonant Soul within ye.
Sons of the Rainbow,
Limbs of the Spectrum,
Paint!

It is, indeed, the temperament of the painter blessed with humor, the temperament of the "limb of the spectrum," that gives effectiveness to Mr. Holmes's work. It is evident in phrase, in image, in the waltz measures which he habitually prefers, and in the somewhat Viennese sentiment; but it is assisted by not a little of the faculty of the poet who knows to portray without delineating, as in "A Charmer":

She has no beauty; my memory trips
O'er a hundred prettier women;
But an ugliness, which puckers the lips,
The smart of a ripe persimmon.

She has no brains, and is learned alone
In her golfing and dancing classes;
But in her eyes you may see your own
Conceit, as in looking-glasses.

She has no heart; just a neat little pump,
A marvel of regular action;
Yet I'd give my life to hear it thump
But once out of time by a fraction.

Miss Carolyn Wells's "Whimsey Anthology" (Scribner's) is perhaps the most satisfactory and entertaining of her collections. It contains "logical," "shaped," "alphabetical," "typographical," "alliterative," "catalogue," "mosaic," "punning," and "technical" whimsies; "lipograms," "acrostics," "enigmas," "anagrams," "travesties," "imitative harmonies," "palindromes," "mnemonics," "tongue twisters," "monorhymes," "interior rhymes," "blank verse, in prose," "chain verse," "Jesuitical verse," "echo verse," "macaronic poetry," and limericks. A captious critic, if any such there be, might object that the scheme is too inclusive, and that one or two of the types belong rather in Miss Wells's anthologies of satire and parody. Yet the reader of the book is not likely to complain at having between two covers so abundant a repertory of the most ingenious products of the pen.

In "At the Sign of the Sphynx," second series (New York: Duffield & Co.), the ingenuity of Miss Wells's own pen, or her typewriter, is conspicuous. Her riddles have not, perhaps, sufficient fancy to occupy the æsthetical critic, yet often, as in the following, they have an unlabored humor that is engaging:

Henry the Eighth grew tired of life
With Catherine, his lawful wife:
But for divorce he's no decree;
Enraged, the King cried, "One, two, three!"

But soon my first gave up her soul,
Her body was no more my whole.

The answer is "animate."

In his "Chinatown Ballads" (Duffield & Co.) Wallace Irwin, best known as the author of purely humorous and funny verse, gives evidence of a wider range. Humor is still the predominant quality, but there are touches of grim tragedy, that, coupled with Mr. Irwin's metrical fluency, telling phrase, and dramatizing gift, make the book one that cannot only be read, but reread.

CURRENT FICTION.

White Fang. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is the kind of thing Jack London does best. In this atmosphere he wears neither his street swagger nor his more distressing company manners. As a biographer of wild animals he has hardly an

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equal. A generation ago this remark would have meant little, but what with Mr. Kipling, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Thompson-Seton, the Rev. Mr. Long, and the rest, this field of natural letters, as it might be called, has become conspicuous. It is the "pathetic" consideration which gives such books their hold upon us; we like to speculate as to the relations or analogies between beast-kind and mankind. Perhaps we do not believe that a stag is capable of soulful love, or a moose of consecutive thought, or a cuckoo of deliberately teaching its offspring to suck eggs; at least we take our disbelief seriously.

Mr. London has not, so far as we know, entered into any controversy, but he has written several books which present feral nature as something distinctly apart from human nature. "White Fang" complements "The Call of the Wild" in showing how readily wild animals may submit themselves to human rule, and how naturally domestic animals may revert to freedom. These dogs and wolves do not talk or think humanly. Instinct impels them and the discipline of experience teaches them what to avoid and what to seek. "Had the cub thought in man-fashion, he might have epitomized life as a voracious appetite. But the cub did not think in man-fashion. He did not look at things with wide vision. He was single-purposed and had but one thought or desire at a time." Three-parts wolf, the cub grows up to become in the end the willing slave of a man who has bestowed upon it such love as a human being may allow an inferior. Being a brute, its experience is brutal, a continuous performance of dog-fights, with no sparing of bloody detail. But, indeed, squeamishness would be out of place here, for if the writer dwells on the savagery of the creature's experience, it is that he may emphasize its fitness. He believes that wild beasts get quite as much pleasure as pain out of the life which they are intended to live. It is under the white man's brutality that White Fang is nearly driven to madness.

Doubloons. By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. New York: S. S. McClure & Co.

Nothing in Mr. Phillpotts's "The Secret Women," "Children of the Mist," or "The Portreeve," or Mr. Bennett's "Anna of the Five Towns" would suggest that the joint product of these two authors would be a light-hearted, mile-a-minute detective story. The opening is gloomy enough, as if, in coming to London, Mr. Phillpotts had brought along all his customary depression. Philip Masters is hungry, with only sixpence in his pocket, but for some occult reason, when it is revealed that he has lately been discharged from a jiu-jitsu academy for breaking a duke's arm, your spirits insensibly rise. By every unwritten law of the game of fiction, that incident would be out of place in a serious story, and at his grimmest Mr. Phillpotts never fails to play by the rules. In fact, through this whole brilliant *tour de force*, both he and Mr. Bennett continue to play, showing amazing animal spirits, fertility of incident, and, above all, a rapid pace.

The story differs from the average detective mystery only in being quicker, more amusing, and in covering a wider geographical field, as it ranges from a London model lodging-house to a stagnant West Indian lake. Also the briefly sketched characters are less inanimate than is usual in novels of this class. It is adventure pure and simple from the moment Philip consents to relieve the night watchman. The number of events which follow would furnish several volumes of De Boisgobey. In a tale bringing in Scotland Yard, plain-clothes men, and uniformed police, music-hall queens, motor cars, chartered yachts, treasure hunting in the Spanish Main, Russian secret service people, London clubs, and Obeah fearing negroes, it is hardly within human possibility that the end should fully equal the brilliant beginning.

A Knight of the Cumberland. By John Fox, jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is the very model of a story. It takes the reader into the mountains of the Tennessee border; it tells enough of a story to connect easily the scattered incidents; it happily allots eccentric characters and unusual actions to each other; every word tells; and the little book has a length in absolute proportion to its strength.

Of the characters, the Hon. Samuel Budd closely rivets the attention, he of the Congressional aspirations and the taste for mediæval tournament; he who speaks in a rotation of tongues, passing lightly from the language of the natural Southern man to the tropes of the lawyer, the flights of the politician, the magnificences of Sir Walter Scott. Nor is the reader ever allowed to stray far from the spell of The Blight, the merry maiden so named because nor man nor woman nor sixteen-hand-high mule could resist her. The whole story makes glad the sense of symmetry, compact as it is of fun, manners, and motives, as they flourish in the land that we almost think of as created by Mr. Fox.

When Love Speaks. By Will Payne. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Although Mr. Payne deals competently with business and political corruption in a small town of the Middle West, whose most respected and respectable citizens do not stop at bribery, blackmail, or arson to further their financial interests, "When Love Speaks" is neither a business nor a political novel. The struggles of men and women as human beings must forever be the basis of all good fiction. The contemporary picture has its value; but without the solid foundation of personal interest, the cleverest snapshot of corruption leaves you rather edified than enthusiastic. In the present story, Mr. Payne deliberately uses the Distillers' Trust and the venal judiciary of "Saugenac" as they affect the intimate inward relation of David and Louise Donovan, instead of employing his two young people as a convenient set of rails along which to run a history of commerce in Saugenac. Consequently, his book is alive.

From the opening chapter he squarely grasps the fundamental issue, a question which perennially crops up wherever men and women form any kind of social body: how far complete loyalty to abstract right is compatible with warm-blooded loyalty to friends; whether it is better to be just or to be merciful. In this case, set forth with considerable imagination, but no disregard for probability, the choice besets Donovan at every turn, with increasing force and pitiless logic. The strain is made all the more acute by the fact that his relation to his wife continually depends upon his deciding between the cause of her brother, an unfaltering believer in surgically clean politics, and a body of friends to whom he is bound by every tie of interest and affection. The story takes in the whole life of a raw, striving town, from its absentee fashionable lady, who turns up with New York standards to patronize a local horse show, to the handsome hotel "dining-room girl." A large number of characters are briefly and unaffectedly described, somewhat after the quiet manner of Brand Whitlock, but with greater force and penetration. The climax is skilfully held back, and the final solution of the problem of one particular pair is managed without flatness, or undue straining of probability. The whole tone of the book is wise, tolerant, and unimpeachably sincere.

Mr. Payne is not once guilty of florid writing. It is, however, none too early (and, let us trust, not yet too late) to protest against a form of brevity which robs an occasional verb of its lawful object, and forces a noun to do an adverbial termination. The average of expression is too dignified to be marred by such slips as "Louise roused"; "she spoke sisterly." On the whole, these blemishes are few and trifling, only noticeable because they are growing so rife in Western fiction as to create a menace.

Caybigan. By James Hopper. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

In this volume of tales Mr. Hopper has done something roughly comparable to what was done by Kipling in "Soldiers Three" and by Gilbert Parker in "Donovan Pasha." This time it is Anglo-Saxon imperialism in the Philippines instead of in India or Egypt. The natives are poor devils, God bless them, somewhat in the order of monkeys, whose business it is to be grateful to the blond, tubbing, and muscular usurper whom Providence has mysteriously accoutred with a big heart and a big stick. The Yankee Jack-of-all-trades idea is superadded here, for the leading person is an American teacher who knows more of fighting than an army officer, more of administration than a mayor, and more of human nature than a psychologist. Caybigan, the hero of one of the fifteen stories which make up the book, is the only native to whom extraordinary virtue is allowed. These tales have proved "magazinable" for sufficiently obvious reasons. They are of the right length (or brevity); and each of them, apart from the sentiment of race, appeals to some consideration of what might be called "justly popular sentiment": such as the love of young beauty, the love of childish innocence, the love of the under dog—most luxurious of all, because most patronizing. The present reviewer has found that these tales, which Mr. Hopper has frankly offered for hasty perusal, endure very well a second reading.

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NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Book-Prices Current, from October, 1905, to July, 1906. By J. H. Slater. London: Elliot Stock.

This is the twentieth annual volume of the English "Book-Prices Current." The chronological arrangement of sales, which, at least in this country, is generally criticised, has one point of advantage. Printing can begin early in the season, and when the last sales come in July, the larger part of the book can be ready. In the American "Book-Prices Current," where the arrangement is alphabetical, no printing can begin until the close of the last sale. Mr. Slater's volume for 1906 includes 6,989 lots, occupying 646 pages, exclusive of the Index. The American volume for 1906, to be issued in December, records upwards of 14,000 lots, occupying something like 800 pages. In the American book $3 is taken as a limit, and while not every lot bringing this sum is included, the record is practically complete. In the English volume £1 is nominally the limit, though a few cheaper items are included. The record, however, is avowedly not complete, but is presumably representative.

Mr. Slater's Introduction is mainly taken up with lists of items which brought £100 and upwards. First come Shaksperiana, seventeen lots, the highest, "Much Ado About Nothing," 1600, which brought £1,570; and the lowest "Titus Andronicus," 1611, lacking title, which brought £106. Fifteen of the other books which brought £100 or more were parts of that wonderful volume found in Ireland, which contained seventeen early English interludes. It was broken up and the pieces sold separately at Sotheby's, June 30. Recorded in the volume also are two items from the library of Franz Trau, sold in Vienna October, 1905: Cicero's "Officia et Paradoxa," printed by John Fust at Mainz in 1465, on vellum, brought £1,875; and a block book, the Apocalypse of St. John, printed probably between 1445 and 1460, brought £1,125.

Fewer items than usual are favored with Mr. Slater's bibliographical notes. To the record of the sale of a copy of Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia," 1624, for £127, he adds that Sir Edward Bunbury's copy brought £204 in 1896. This sale is often cited as the record, but the sole explanation of the high price is that the Bunbury copy contained a printed title, date 1625, not found in any other copy. This note is added to the record of sale of the first issue of Fielding's "Tom Jones," six volumes, 1749:

> The first issue contains a number of misprints, etc., which are referred to in a leaf of "errata" inserted in the first volume. In the second issue these errors were corrected and the leaf withdrawn.

The "errata" are not on a separate leaf, but occupy page lxiv. at the end of the contents. This page is blank in the second issue. The number of leaves is identical in both.

The £95 paid for the first edition of Gray's "Elegy," 1751, on June 6 at Puttick's, is said to be the "record price to date." This is in line with the custom of English writers to ignore American auction sales. The same error was made in the November issue of the *Bookman*, where it is said that a copy of the first edition of the "Elegy" was "sold recently in London for the record price of $500." We do not quibble over the difference between £95 and $500, but the record price, $740, was paid for the McKee copy, at Anderson's, in this city, May, 1902.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library of the late F. Griswold Tefft. The collection includes two sets of Audubon's "Birds of America," one, the first octavo edition, 1840-1844, the other the second octavo edition, 1856; several of the rarer first editions of American authors; and a few pieces of rare Americana. Among the latter are four of the Darien tracts issued for or against the Scottish colony, in 1699 and 1700. Among the first editions are books by Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes. The Lowell series is the most nearly complete, and contains the "Class Poem," 1838, and "A Year's Life," 1841. Among the Longfellow items is the rare first edition of "Outre-Mer," the two parts published in Boston in 1833 and 1834, here bound in one volume. The complete book was first published in New York in 1835. "The Spanish Student," 1843, in the original boards, uncut, is another choice item. Whittier's "Mog Megone," 1836, is in the original blue cloth, described as "an immaculate copy, the binding as fresh and clean as the day of the issue." It is some time since a copy in the original binding has appeared in the auction room.

Part III. of the library of Wilberforce Eames of the New York Public Library will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company of this city, on Monday and Tuesday, November 26 and 27. This portion of the library is devoted to the history, literatures, and languages of Europe. The Monday sessions are given up to the books on Greece and Rome. Among the books offered during the Tuesday sessions, seventy-four different European languages and dialects are represented. Among the items are the first English translation of Appian, 1578; the *editio princeps* of Diogenes Laertius, 1533; two books, printed privately by Julian Hibbert in Greek types, which he had cut to resemble written Greek; and a collection of books on the Gypsies.

On November 26 and 27 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city sells a collection, including a series from the Kelmscott Press; Shelley's "Queen Mab," 1813, the title lacking, and imprint scissored from last leaf as in many copies; and first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Swinburne, Emerson, Freneau, Lowell, and other American authors.

The library of Lawrence W. Hodson, to be sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge in London, on December 3, 4, and 5, is notable as containing a series of twenty-five of the issues of the Kelmscott Press printed on vellum. The number of copies so printed was small, often only five or six, and seldom more than ten. There are also more than twenty manuscripts of Morris's published works, all in the author's autograph. Among these are "The Earthly Paradise," "The Story of the Glittering Plain," "The Life and Death of Jason," "Poems by the Way," and "The Well at the World's End," as well as his translations of the "Æneid" and the "Odyssey." There are three early fifteenth-century manuscripts of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales"; two large fragments (one sixty-five leaves, the other thirty-three leaves) of the first edition of the "Canterbury Tales" printed by Caxton about 1475, and the editions of Chaucer's works of 1542, 1561, and 1721.

The library of the late Richard Garnett, to be sold at Sotheby's on December 6, includes three of Shelley's note-books, containing early drafts of many of his published poems, and showing variations from the printed versions, as well as some unpublished scraps of verse and prose, and several drawings. These note-books were presented to the late Dr. Garnett by Sir Percy and Lady Shelley. All the other note-books are in the Bodleian Library.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge sold on November 5 and 6 a collection from the library of C. J. Spence. Among the prices are the following: "Biblia Latina Vulgata," manuscript on vellum, fourteenth century, £40; Evangelistarium, illuminated manuscript on vellum, fifteenth century, £141; "Horae ad Usum Sarum," illuminated manuscript on vellum, fifteenth century, £140; "Horae" on vellum, late fifteenth-century French decorations, £500; another, also French fifteenth-century, with seven fine *grisaille* miniatures, £645; Chapman's "Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homere, Prince of Poets," 1598, £214. This is the first edition of Chapman's version, and when the work was revised for the folio edition of 1610, books i. and ii. were rewritten. In this copy a few leaves were slightly defective, and some were stained. In 1904 a copy brought £291 at Sotheby's, and another £230 at Hodgson's. At the McKee sale in this city, 1901, a copy brought $860.

The collection of books, autograph letters, manuscripts, documents, and bookplates belonging to the late George M. Elwood of Rochester was offered at auction last week by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city. The Private Journal of Aaron Burr, reprinted in full from the original manuscript in the library of William K. Bixby of St. Louis, with introduction, 2 volumes, original boards, uncut, Rochester, 1903, brought $154. Letters from George Washington to Tobias Lear, with appendix containing miscellaneous Washington letters and documents, reprinted from the originals in the collection of Mr. Bixby, 4to, boards, Rochester, 1905, brought $51. A first edition of "The Book of Mormon," Palmyra, 1830, sold for $20. The pages were slightly foxed, and a name was written on the title. An autograph letter of John Brown, the anti-slavery leader, dated Osawatomie, December 5, 1855, brought $31; a vellum document of appointment, signed by Napoleon, $25.

The copy of "Modern Chivalry," a curious early American political novel, by that lawyer, politician, chaplain, poet, Hugh Henry Brackenridge, issued in four volumes from 1792 to 1797, which was sold at Anderson's for $250, on October 25, as "apparently the only complete copy known of the first edition of each volume," did not long retain its uniqueness. Another copy, the four volumes bound in one, has been discovered in a Pennsylvania library, and has come to

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New York. But, though two copies are now known, it is not likely that many more will soon come to light. The third volume is one of the crudest specimens of printing extant. It came from the first Pittsburgh press, established by John Scull in 1786, according to Thomas, under the patronage of Brackenridge, the author of this book.

An interesting exhibition of book-bindings, comprising more than a hundred volumes from the libraries of kings and queens of France and of famous personages of the French court, is on view at Charles Scribner's Sons, in this city, until November 24. The collection contains volumes from the libraries of all the rulers of France from Francis I. to Napoleon III.; all the volumes bear the arms or devices of their former owners emblazoned in gold on the covers; and many of the covers are the work of famous French binders, such as Piqué, Derôme, and Padeloup. One of the most curious volumes is the "Davidis Psalmi," which belonged to Louise de Lorraine, Queen of Henry III. This beautiful example of the work of Nicholas Eve is full of the conceits of devout Catholicism. The binding is in brown morocco, with the sides and back covered with the emblems of Christ's passion, tooled in gold. A fine example of the work of Claude Piqué is the "L'Histoire Ecclesiastique," from the library of Charles IX. Clovis Eve is excellently represented by the "Tresor de Tous les Livres d'Amadis de Gaule," which belonged to Marguerite de Valois. Antoine Ruette is represented by the splendid "Ioannis Zonarae Monachi," which belonged to Louis XIII. The "Annales Ecclesiastiques et Civiles," which belonged to the Duc de Penthièvre, is a superb binding by Derôme. Other notable volumes are Marie Antoinette's book of devotions, "Office de la Semaine Sainte," Madame de Maintenon's "Histoires de Philippe de Valois," and the Marquise de Pompadour's "État de Troupes," with a special title-page drawn by Ch. Eisen.

English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer. By William Henry Schofield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

It is characteristic of the indifference with which until recently our early literature has been regarded by the descendants of the men who created it, that since the appearance of Warton's "History of English Poetry" in the eighteenth century no treatise, at once fairly comprehensive and authoritative, on the productions of the period between the Norman conquest and Chaucer, has come from the pen of a scholar of English race. We have been content with turning to translations of Ten Brink and Jusserand. It is well that the task of removing this reproach should have fallen into the hands of a scholar of unquestioned competence. It may be said at once that Professor Schofield's work does not fall below expectation; and as it embodies the results of investigations which have been fruitful in extending and defining our knowledge of the literature of the Middle Ages, it may undoubtedly be accepted as the best general authority for the period which it covers.

The book differs in plan from the other volumes in the series, and indeed from most histories of English literature, in that the author does not deal with the whole production of each successive period. Instead, he treats his material according to the different *genres*, tracing separately the evolution of each. This method, which Professor Schofield has adopted, it would seem, from the now classical "Littérature française au Moyen Age," by the late Gaston Paris, has both its drawbacks and its advantages. Chief among the drawbacks is the difficulty—for the average reader—of getting a clear idea of the intellectual development of England from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, and the chronological table at the end of the book can hardly be said to remedy this defect. But for professional students the plan of adhering to the evolution of types will have the advantage of presenting material from a novel point of view, to which nobody will deny a fundamental importance.

Another feature of the present work which may provoke debate is the inclusion of chapters on Anglo-Latin and Anglo-French literature, on approximately the same scale as those which deal with writings in the vernacular. Now Latin and French were the natural vehicles of expression for the most intellectual classes in England for two centuries or more after the Norman Conquest; as Professor Schofield says: "The awkward rusticity of much Middle English writing is obviously due to the fact that it was the product of men inferior intellectually, of lower station, and less cultivated than those who were conspicuous in their age, and not to the fact that English itself was a rough instrument of Englishmen prevailingly dull." At the same time, the influence of productions in Latin and French by men who lived on English soil, though in many instances no more Englishmen than Spenser was an Irishman, has only an indirect connection with the development of a distinctively English literature. It is therefore questionable whether the author of a book with the above title had not better direct his energies toward giving life to some of the intractable material in which the vernacular abounds, merely devoting, in the manner of his predecessors, so much space to the works in the two rival languages as is necessary for proper perspective. To be sure, the chapters under discussion are not without value; they offer a connected account of their subjects such as is hardly accessible elsewhere; but the man who has mastered Arthurian romance is not likely to go deeply into Duns Scotus; and, on the whole, these second and third chapters contain too many pages of meagre interest.

In the main division of the work—that which deals with English literature proper—the chapter on the romances takes the leading place. On this matter the writer speaks with authority and his discussion of the subject, though it flags toward the end, is the best we have. Here, as throughout the book, Professor Schofield prefaces his treatment of English productions in the particular *genre* with a survey of the antecedent growth of that *genre*, especially in French, on which, as the author rightly insists, the literature of England during this period was mainly dependent. Indeed, the sections on French romances of the various cycles, usually turn out to be the most interesting, as is perhaps inherent in the case; and this division of the book is rather a compendious treatment of mediæval romance in general than of the merely English contributions. As was to be expected, the author's discussion of the Arthurian legend is of particular interest—only in the pages on French prose Arthurian romances we notice some errors which seem to betray insufficient acquaintance with that *selva oscura*. For instance, the term "Livre d'Artus" is not applied, as Professor Schofield states, to the great "Lancelot du Lac" romance, but to that branch of the Grail-Lancelot cycle which was written to connect the prose rendering of Robert de Boron's "Merlin" with the "Lancelot." Again the "Queste del St. Graal" is not a "part of the enormous 'Grand St. Graal' which tells the whole story." It is a separate romance. On the other hand, the "Grand St. Graal" deals merely with the early history of the Holy Grail. Moreover, it is not correct to say that Arthur "appears everywhere rather as looker-on than as participant" in the prose romances. A mere glance at the "Merlin" and "Mort Artus" will correct that impression; and indeed the difference between the prose and the metrical romances in this respect has been taken as one of the distinguishing characteristics of the former. Finally, in any account of the French prose romances mention should be made of the so-called "de Boron cycle" which has been the subject of so much discussion ever since the publication of the "Huth-Merlin" in 1886. As regards the sources of the Arthurian romances, Professor Schofield adopts the view which will now probably commend itself to all impartial judges, namely, that both Brittany and Wales furnished material. Yet we confess continued skepticism as to Gaston Paris's hypothetical Anglo-Norman romances concerning Arthur and his knights, of which not a single specimen has come down to us.

The remaining chapters on the tales, historical, religious, and didactic works, and lyrics in the vernacular, are thorough and adequate—like the excellent bibliography which concludes the work; and as a rule they are interestingly written. We take exception, however, to one feature: Professor Schofield's habit of presenting without qualifying phrase, as if definitely established, the result of investigations which he has himself conducted or which have been conducted under his influence. The value of these investigations no one will dispute, but they relate to controversial matters, in which absolute certainty will perhaps never be attained. We may cite as examples Miss Paton's identification of Morgain la Fée with the Morrigan, the Irish goddess of war, and Professor Schofield's own interpretation of the Horn-Saga as being of West Scandinavian origin and connected with the Isle of Man. The last-mentioned theory seems to us to meet all the difficulties of the problem better than any other proposed, but it certainly has not found universal acceptance. Even less likely to find general acceptance, in our opinion, is the view that "The Pearl" was inspired by Boccaccio's eclogue. This indubitably constitutes the most interesting parallel to the Middle English poem, which has been brought to light, but any direct relation of dependence between the two is improbable. A startling instance

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of the above tendency is the offhand manner in which the author connects the Anglo-Saxon poem commonly known as "The Husband's Message" with the "Chèvrefeuille" of Marie de France.

In literary execution there is considerable unevenness. Parts are admirably written; for example, the introduction, distinguished by its freshness of treatment and breadth of view, the general discussion of the matter of Britain, and the chapter on religious works. On the other hand, the style, as we have intimated, betrays lassitude in the concluding sections of the chapter on romance, and in some pages of the chapter on Anglo-Latin literature. On the whole, however, the work is excellent.

Liberty, Union, and Democracy. The National Ideals of America. By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Professor Wendell would not, we presume, wish to count himself as preëminently either an historian or a publicist. He has not, so far as we know, given himself absorbingly to the study of law, or government, or sociology. We doubt if he would naturally be thought of as the man among us best fitted to write a constitutional history or advise a political party. His reputation, as he himself modestly puts it, is that of a rhetorician or literary critic. Yet he has written, in the volume before us, the most illuminating and stimulating exposition of American national ideals that has appeared for many a day. The book consists of four lectures given as a Lowell Institute course last year. Before that, the same material was used in lectures at the Sorbonne and elsewhere in France. Perhaps the necessity of explaining America to Frenchmen has helped him to look more intently for the main things. Perhaps his study of American literature has led him to a juster appreciation of the political ideas which, in moulding the American character, have made American literature possible. Whatever the cause, his book is the sort of thing we should expect a European critic to produce; and Professor Wendell, with all his cosmopolitanism, is distinctly an American.

The volume begins with an inquiry into the origin and nature of the American national character. To assume, as is commonly done, that our institutions have made our character, is to put the cart before the horse:

> Our national character, we must freely admit, existed a century and a half before these institutions under which we now live came into existence. That the character and the institutions are closely interrelated, no one would pretend to deny. But it is not the character which results from the institutions; it is the institutions which result from the character implanted on the Virginian seaboard, and on that of New England, during the first quarter of the seventeenth century (pp. 32, 33).

As with other peoples, so with us, the origin of many social ideals must be traced to religion. To the Puritan of New England we owe much of our American idealism, our high standards of morality, our "saving faith in order," and our belief in popular education. Neither Puritanism nor Calvinism, of course, was born of America, but their working-out here was more unfettered and consistent than in the England from which they were transplanted; while the pervading belief in the possibility of a godly life, and of a political society which should collectively do the will of God, was only superficially obscured by the hard struggle for existence which was long necessary. It was this very idealism that made our forefathers conservative, and prevented them from being carried off their feet by the revolutions which swept over England and continental Europe. The American Revolution, accordingly, is seen to have been not the origin of our nation, but the birth of our national consciousness. As Professor Wendell puts it, the "truly vital purpose" of the Revolution "was not to overthrow an immemorial system of government and society, replacing it by some philanthropic and untested new one. The vital purpose of the American Revolution was, with all the power of a newly conscious national existence, to maintain against reactionary innovation that historical continuity, those immemorial traditions of our own, which the unbroken experience of five generations had proved favorable among ourselves to prosperity and to righteousness. Alone of revolutions ours was essentially conservative" (pp. 85, 86).

With the ground thus prepared, Professor Wendell goes on to examine our national ideas of liberty, union, and democracy. Familiar as these ideas now are, they have not always been equally prominent. Liberty is the prevailing note of the Revolution. The Declaration of Independence is a sort of party platform whose "glittering and sounding generalities of natural right," as Rufus Choate called them, are subject in practice to substantial modification; but this has not prevented us from thinking of liberty as a concrete fact, not as an abstraction. As for defining the term, however, we have got no further than the never-swerving affirmation of the right of self-government. The difficulty has lain in the adjustment of loyalty to the community or State and loyalty to the nation, a difficulty enhanced by slavery and its aftermath. Out of the controversy has come the firm conviction of the North that there should be no legally privileged class, and that every adult male citizen should be allowed to vote; and the equally firm conviction of the older South that neither of these propositions could with safety be universally applied. Liberty, in short, was for long mainly local, and individual freedom an undefined affirmation. There remained to see whether individual and local freedom could consist with allegiance to a steadily predominating central government; whether one must not love his neighbor less as, perforce, he loved his country more.

The final answer came only with the Civil War. Not that the idea of union was then born. What the war did, rather, was to substitute what Professor Wendell aptly calls a "new unit of liberty" for the local loyalty which hitherto had widely obtained. It wrote into our fundamental law, in characters of blood, the rule that the union was to be perpetual. Around the evolution of this now axiomatic rule had centred two of the greatest controversies known to the history of constitutional government anywhere. For seventy years the crux of political discussion in this country was the question of State rights versus Federalism, until the localism everywhere familiar in 1830 had become, by 1861, only an outgrown tradition, a fading memory, a name to conjure with. Simultaneously, the New England conscience, emancipated from bondage to theology, turned with zeal to social reform, and called for human freedom until freedom came. The brilliant peroration of Webster's reply to Hayne was prophecy and hope, politically speaking, in 1830; for not until 1865 could we affirm that liberty and union had become, for all time, one and inseparable.

Regarding our "ancestral practice" of democracy, Professor Wendell shrewdly observes that "however fervently Americans may have believed that all men are created equal, they have never gone so far as to insist that all men must permanently remain so" (p. 267). We have always delighted in humble careers, but the true secret of our delight "lies not so much in the humility of their origin as in the picturesque contrast between their origin and their achievement" (p. 281). Democracy, in other words, has thus far meant with us only equality of opportunity. The fearfully depressing thing about present-day democracy the world over is the growing tyranny of the majority, the ominous demand for equality of social condition. Here, at last, we come to the gravest danger of our society, the point at which American democracy feels most profoundly the levelling spirit of proletarian Europe. Only in America has democracy shown itself able to expand without destructive revolution. Now is its day of trial, while all the world looks on.

We have made no attempt to summarize Professor Wendell's book, nor even to state completely the outlines of his exposition. We have only indicated a few of the more striking points on which he has flashed his lamp. With sober yet unconventional reflection, keen and matured insight, pervading reasonableness and good sense, and uncommon grace of speech, he has made clear some of the ideals which have made America great. The book should be widely read.

Drama.

Shakespeare and the Modern Stage. By Sidney Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Although the eleven papers constituting this volume were, with one exception, published separately by Sidney Lee between 1899 and 1905, they have been so carefully revised that, as a whole, they come as a fresh contribution to Shaksperian discussion. On almost every page they bear evidence of scholarship and sanity. His first paper on the Shaksperian revivals of the present day is even more timely now than when first printed half a dozen years ago; it summarizes, in convincing fashion, the disastrous effects upon dramatic art, and especially upon Shaksperian representation, of the current policy of expending vast sums upon scenic decoration and treating the text as comparatively unimportant. Like other earnest students of the theatre, he realizes how the system of long runs is robbing the stage of its actors and the public of its legitimate opportunities of entertainment and instruction. His position

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is unassailable, but the arguments with which he buttresses it are too familiar to readers of the *Nation* to need recapitulation here.

As a rule, the modern manager takes refuge behind the assertion that the public will not endure Shakspere except in spectacular form. The fallacy of this has been demonstrated over and over again. Edwin Booth made Shakspere pay with shabby scenery—and a still shabbier company for that matter—for many years. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, prospered on him for twenty years, with a most modest stage outfit. Henry Irving, of course, spent many fortunes on his scenery, and lost some of them, but that is no proof that he would not have been better off if he had spent much less. The plain truth is that the public will not support a bad Shaksperian performance unless some special compensation is offered. It is notorious that recent Shaksperian revivals in England, except those of F. R. Benson, were due chiefly to the dearth of other practicable plays. The managers who undertook them followed the evil precedent of Charles Kean, in reducing the mangled plays to glittering spectacles—as if they were intended to appeal to the eye only and not to the heart and mind—not so much because these managers mistrusted the power of the text or underrated the public intelligence, as because they were unable to produce the plays in any other way with the slightest chance of financial success. It has been impossible to depend upon the dramatic and literary beauties of these master-works to exercise the spell of their own magic for the simple reason that it has been impossible to collect a company of capable players. The Shaksperian actor is nearly extinct in England, as in this country, because the schools which formerly produced them, the old provincial stock companies, have been starved out of existence by the present system of syndicates and travelling stars.

It was in the provinces that all the best actors of the nineteenth century received their training and cultivated their powers. It was from that source that Phelps derived the company that helped him to make Sadler's Wells, for twenty years, the Mecca of intelligent British theatregoers. His career furnishes one of the brightest pages in modern dramatic history and the most unimpeachable testimony to the truth of Mr. Lee's theories. A far better all-round actor than Macready, and a man of more sterling character, he took Sadler's Wells, a low little music hall in the poor suburb of Islington, miles away from any recognized theatrical district, and, with a faith in the good taste of the working masses that seemed almost Quixotic, began to give good performances of Shakspere at low prices. His scenery was inexpensive, but always appropriate; his company thoroughly capable. His house was crowded from the first, and before long lovers of Shakspere from all parts of London were making pilgrimages to the new shrine. During his management he presented no less than thirty-one of Shakspere's plays, and many notable but now unfamiliar pieces of other Elizabethan dramatists, as well as many famous comedies, ancient and modern, and miscellaneous plays, but always of good quality. He educated the Islingtonians so effectually in the noblest drama in the language that their critical acumen became almost proverbial. The actor who scored a success before them needed no other certificate of competency. In the end Phelps retired with a comfortable fortune, the great bulk of which was made by sheer acting power out of unadulterated Shakspere. What has been done once can be done again. But there must be actors.

Mr. Lee seems to suspect that the imagination of modern audiences may be less potent than that of their ancestors, who in the Georgian era were moved so profoundly by performances wholly devoid of scenic illusion; but is it not just as reasonable to suppose that the distractions of spectacle really prevent the exercise of the imagination which they are devised to excite? In an interesting article on the admirable work done by the stock company of Mr. Benson, who has chosen Phelps for his example, Mr. Lee does not allude to any lack of public appreciation.

Mr. Lee is an enthusiastic advocate of the municipal theatre, and illustrates its possible benefits by descriptions of the performances at institutions of this kind in Austria, France, and Hungary. But it must not be forgotten that the conditions on the European Continent are widely different from those which prevail in London or New York. In Europe there are no great theatrical Trusts, like those in England and America, which undoubtedly offer extraordinary opportunities to popular actors of all kinds and pay salaries which no municipal theatre would be likely to offer. This is one of the conditions which has made it difficult for Mr. Benson to keep his forces intact. A moderate, regular income and the promise of a pension suffice to hold the Continental actor, but would be a much weaker inducement in New York or London. With inferior performers municipal theatres would not attract much patronage or be able to effect much good.

Among the most interesting papers in Mr. Lee's volumes are those on Shakspere's philosophy, oral traditions, and the perils of unscientific research, but space will not permit more than this reference to them. There is not a dull page in the book.

Georgia Cayvan, who died on Monday, after a long period of suffering and retirement, occupied a higher rank artistically than some of her associates enjoying more prominent positions in the eye of the world. Her distinguishing characteristics were a sound intelligence, conscientious study, a healthy comprehension of the elemental human emotions, and a pleasant, ingenuous manner. Of subtilty she had but little. Her strength lay in the suggestion of an honest, hearty, generous nature, and in the open expression of strong, simple feeling, whether scorn, passion, indignation, or love. When the emotion was veiled or complex she was less successful. In the lighter phases of comedy, her natural geniality, her quick understanding, and her ability to deliver a bit of repartee, enabled her to carry off scenes with vivacity and charm. She was born in Bath, Me., nearly fifty years ago, but was reared and educated in Boston, where, while still young, she began to give readings, varied by imitations of birds. She made her first appearance upon the New York stage as Dolly Dutton in "Hazel Kirke" in June, 1880. A few months later she was playing the part of the heroine on the road very successfully. In 1881 she appeared as Jocasta in George Riddle's excellent production of the "Œdipus Tyrannus." Her performance was notable for classic pose and admirable declamation. After this she played with success in various rôles until she reached the position of leading lady in the Lyceum Theatre of this city. There most of her best work was in "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," "Squire Kate," "Sweet Lavender," "The Idler," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "Lady Bountiful," and "The Amazons."

Rudolph Besier's neo-classic play, "The Virgin Goddess," which has created such a stir in London, is controlled by Oscar Asche, who is now acting the central character. He is soon to make a tour of the British provinces with it; and later he expects to visit Australia and the United States. He may not reach this country till season after next.

Music.

How to Appreciate Music. By Gustav Kobbé. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50 net.

Famous American Songs. By Gustav Kobbé. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50 net.

There are thousands of persons who, because they neither play nor sing, think they have no right to call themselves "musical." To them Mr. Kobbé says: "If you love music and appreciate it, you may be more musical than many pianists or singers; and certainly you may become so." It is to help these thousands to "become so" that he has prepared his volume, "How to Appreciate Music." It is written in wholly untechnical language, yet any one who has read its 275 pages will know more about the art and its history, and the greatest composers and performers and works, than nine-tenths of the professional musicians know. The opening chapter is quite properly devoted to the most universal and important of instruments, the pianoforte. A few subheads may be cited to illustrate the author's unpedantic and entertaining manner: "Liszt played the whole orchestra on the pianoforte," "Paderewski's playing of 'Hark, Hark, the Lark,'" "Richard Strauss on Beethoven's pianistic orchestration," "Nine centuries to develop pianoforte from monochord."

Here are elucidation, history, criticism, gossip, anecdote, cleverly commingled, making the book one that can be read for entertainment as well as instruction. Interesting also are the other chapters, sixteen in all, which are concerned with Bach, fugues and sonatas, symphonies, operas, songs, and all other branches of music. Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Paderewski, and Richard Strauss are honored with separate chapters—a fact which indicates the modernity of the author's taste. He is not one of those who lift their eyes heavenward every time the words "sonata" or "symphony" are mentioned. He is frank and courageous in the expression of his own views; and,

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as he says, "something is due the great body of music-lovers who, being told that they *must* admire this, that, and the other classical composer, *because he is classical*, find themselves at a loss and think themselves to blame because modern music makes a more vivid and deeper impression upon them. If they only knew it—they are in the right! But they have needed some one to tell them so."

Mr. Kobbé's "Famous American Songs" consists of seven chapters, devoted to "Home Sweet Home," "Old Folks at Home," "Dixie," "Ben Bolt," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and "America," and "some war songs." It is significant that the first two of these are concerned with home. In studying the subject of popular songs, the author came to the conclusion that the sentiment most deeply implanted in the human heart, as expressed in music, is love of home. Patriotism may replace it, in time of war, but "comparatively few popular songs, which have survived, celebrate the love affairs of young men and women." Another thing he has noted with regard to songs which live on from generation to generation is "their freedom from immoral suggestion." The method followed in this book is to tell how the songs or airs happened to be written, and to relate the stories of the composers' lives, so far as known. Of special interest is the chapter on "Old Folks at Home" and its composer, Stephen Foster, whose importance as not only one of the greatest of American composers, but also one of the most original melodists of all times, is being more and more fully recognized.

While the policy pursued during the last three years by the New York Philharmonic Society, of importing for each season half-a-dozen eminent conductors undoubtedly afforded interesting opportunities for comparisons in orchestral interpretation, more satisfactory results can, on the whole, be achieved under a single conductor, provided he be of the first rank. Wassily Safonoff is of that rank; and he is now to be with us for at least three years, not only as orchestral interpreter, but as director and professor of the pianoforte at the National Conservatory. At the opening Philharmonic concert, last Friday, he created a sensation by his virile, dramatic, and emotional performance of Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony—a performance which caused not a few to revise their opinion and place this work even above the "Pathetic," which is the most popular symphonic work of the last quarter-century. The wail of the slow movement seemed like the agony of Siberian exiles, while the cyclonic sweep of the last movement was a feat which it takes not only a Russian, but a Safonoff, to perform. It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that this conductor is simply a Tchaikovsky specialist. The high-strung Tchaikovsky adored the simple and serene Mozart, and so does Safonoff, as he evinced by his performance of that composer's "Kleine Nachtmusik." He also gave a vigorous reading of Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture. Mr. Lhevinne played Rubinstein's D minor concerto, to the great satisfaction of the audience.

A public appeal for contributions to the Edward MacDowell fund of the Mendelssohn Glee Club has been written by Prof. Henry van Dyke and signed by many well-known men. The fund will be administered primarily for the support of Mr. MacDowell, and secondarily for a fitting memorial. Probably the property which has been his home at Peterboro, N. H., will be made a resting spot for students in all the arts.

Signor Bonci, who is to sing this season at Hammerstein's new Manhattan Opera House, in a sort of rivalry with Caruso at the Metropolitan, is about thirty-six years of age, a native of Cesena in the Romagna. At the age of twenty he entered the Rossini Conservatory of Music in Pesaro, where he studied for six years with the only teacher he has ever had, Maestro Cohen. On completing his studies there, ten years ago, he made his début in the part of Fenton in Verdi's "Falstaff," at the Teatro Regio di Parma. He was immediately engaged to sing Faust at the Teatro della Scala, Milan. Since that time he has appeared with success in Paris, Berlin, London, Vienna, Madrid, and other Continental centres.

Art.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Two books of a purely utilitarian character are Edmund von Mach's "Outlines of the History of Painting" (Ginn & Co.) and "Terms Commonly Used in Ornamental Design," by T. Erat Harrison and W. G. Paulson Townsend (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). The important part of Professor von Mach's book is a series of tables "grouping and grading all the artists" of importance in the history of painting from the thirteenth century to the end of the nineteenth, with the aim of assisting the student to obtain a comprehensive view of the whole field, and, incidentally, of supplying a system for the cataloguing of collections of photographs. The painters are grouped by nationalities, dates, subject-matter, style, etc.; and graded, as to relative importance, by means of differences of type and other devices. All this is extremely well done, and there are few faults to find with inclusions or exclusions; the gravest being, possibly, the rating of Carpaccio as a painter of the first rank and the exclusion from that rank of the vastly more important Maccaccio—a man of almost incalculable influence on those who followed him during a hundred years. In dealing with the nineteenth century, and particularly with this country, the lists become perhaps too inclusive, and the ratings become, more or less, a matter of taste, but the selections are generally intelligent. At the end of the thin volume is a sketch of the history of painting, not ill done, but no better than many to be found elsewhere.

The authors of the other little volume are "Examiners to the Board of Education," and it may fairly be considered a sort of cram book for their examinations. It consists of a series of definitions of such terms as "scroll," "all-over pattern," and the like, with illustrative examples, and is intended "to correct the frequently inexact use of terms among students." The illustrations are interesting and well chosen.

A book of a very different kind is "The Education of an Artist," by C. Lewis Hind (New York: The Macmillan Co.), in which are set forth certain episodes in the life of one Claude Williamson Shaw, an employee in a publishing house, who at the age of thirty-three determined to become a painter, tried landscape painting in Cornwall and figure-drawing in the ateliers of Paris with equal unsuccess, and finally, deciding that desire is not equivalent to ability, settled down to writing as his medium of artistic expression. Whether it should be reckoned as fiction or as autobiography is questionable, but the book should be called "The Making of an Art Critic." For that the art-critic is the failure in art is as true as if Disraeli had not said it, and, on the whole, it is well that it should be true. It is inevitable that such an one as Claude Williamson Shaw should write about the art he has striven to practise, and it is well that those who are to write of an art should have cared enough for it to make the effort at original production in it. R. A. M. Stevenson, the best of recent art critics, is the type of the failure in art who makes the critic; and if Fromentin cannot be called a failure as an artist, he was yet much less unequivocally successful as a practitioner of painting than as a writer about it. If the critics are not to be the failures in art they must be either successful artists or no artists at all. The first seldom have the ability and seldomer the desire and the leisure to write, and the second have no business to write of a subject they know and care nothing about. The purpose of the book we take to be the binding together of a number of impressionistic and subjective criticisms of some of the masterpieces of painting in European galleries. These make pleasant, if not especially profitable, reading—Mr. Hind is no Stevenson—and afford an excuse for a wealth of illustrations, mainly well executed reproductions of celebrated pictures.

Impressionistic, also, are "Moorish Cities in Spain," by C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter Gallichan), and "Romantic Cities of Provence," by Mona Caird, both issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. Both are books of travel, but the first is professedly one of the "Langham Series of Art Monographs," while the second may be rated as an art book in virtue of its illustrations. Both aim at the expression of moods and the reproduction of atmospheres rather than at the statement of fact or the affording of information; both are measurably successful; both possess charm. The drawings of Moorish cities by Elizabeth Hartley are markedly inferior to the reproduction of photographs in the same volume, and might better have been omitted. They are probably accurate enough, but are coarse in feeling and clumsy in execution. Their repellent rather than attractive effect is a capital example of the importance of technical excellence in matters of art. Mr. Pennell, on the contrary, could make almost any material interesting by the brilliancy of his technical treatment, and his drawings of Provence, as of so many other places, make one long to go there—perhaps in quest of disappointment. His fellow-illustrator, Edward M. Synge, is far from his equal, but he is a capable workman, not an amateur. Perhaps he neither glor-

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ifies nor minimizes his material, but gives us something like a fair equivalent for it in the terms of black and white design.

America is taking a place in the work of Egyptian exploration and excavation. Recently, the Metropolitan Museum in New York announced its entry upon the field, and the University of California has already published a valuable volume of reproductions of papyri fragments. Theodore M. Davis, who signs himself from Newport, but who spends a large part of his time in Egypt, has already given earnest of his enthusiasm in a sumptuous volume on Thothmes I. This year again he has published another large volume, which constitutes a valuable addition to our special literature. The scene of his labors was at Bibân el Molûk, opposite Thebes, and the particular object was the exploration of a rock-cut tomb, which proved to be the tomb of Hâtshopsîtû. Mr. Davis contributes a modest introduction; Dr. Edouard Naville writes exhaustively upon "The Life and Monuments of the Queen," and Howard Carter, the inspector-general of the Service des Antiquités, furnishes a "description of the finding and excavation of the tomb." The entrance to the tomb has been known from time immemorial, but its interior had not been explored for many centuries, and no one knew whose tomb it was. It was filled with dirt and small stones which had been compacted in places into a sort of concrete. The passageways and chambers have now been cleared completely, to a total length of nearly eight hundred feet and a sloping depth of over three hundred feet. The outcome of the labor spent in excavation was the determination of the ownership of the tomb and the finding of the sarcophagus of Thothmes I., and that of his daughter, the great Queen Hâtshopsîtû (Hatshepsut: Hatasu). These magnificent memorials are now in the Cairo Museum. The only texts found, except the usual funerary formulæ engraved on the sarcophagi, were on slabs of stone intended for the facing of the final chamber, and were taken from one of the funerary writings of the Egyptians, the "Book of that which is in the Underworld." The volume is one which appeals to the layman as well as the specialist. One who wishes to see how a biography can be pieced together from small bits and scraps of information, will find an excellent example in the contribution of Dr. Naville, and the modest account given by Mr. Carter shows how little the difficult and arduous labor of the explorer may lend itself to self-laudation or personal exploitation. Both men are perfectly qualified for their tasks, Mr. Carter from his official position, and Dr. Naville from the fact that he has been long engaged in the excavation of the unique temple of Queen Hatasu, which nestled under the hills that bound the desert, hidden and forgotten beneath great masses of débris. (London: Archibald Constable & Co. Folio.)

Garrett Chatfield Pier has sent forth the first volume of the catalogue of "Egyptian Antiquities in the Pier Collection" (University of Chicago Press). It consists of specimens represented in twenty-two plates, and includes objects in glazed pottery, flint and other stones, ivory and other materials. There are pendants, ornaments, inlays, and amulets, but the chief place is given to more than two hundred scarabs, seals, and cylinders. The catalogue describes the articles which the plates picture—a combination which would be exceedingly useful to the lay collector if the author had taken the pains to be a little more exact in his arrangement of transliteration and translation. There are some transpositions of order which must prove misleading to the novice. An instance occurs on the first page of the text. The system of transliteration is that of the school of Professor Erman of Berlin, and while it is admirably precise in notation, it cannot be pronounced. Occasionally the ordinary transliteration is also added. The scarabs and similar objects here shown are mainly historical, including names of rulers from the early dynasties to the Ptolemies. The descriptions are brief and yet sufficient for the most part, and the author has noted as far as possible both the provenance of the object and the place and date of its acquisition. The whole is a conscientious and useful piece of work, free from ostentation and creditably performed. The value of the book is increased by the excellence of the reproduction of the legends and devices on the scarabs.

Students of art history who may buy in good faith a book entitled "The Newest Light on Rembrandt," should be warned that it is merely a *jeu d'esprit* of three well-known Rembrandtists, Dr. W. Martin, Wouter Nighoff, and Dr. Hofstede de Groot. A description of the joke, which seems none of the best, may be found in the London *Athenæum* for November 3. The alleged documents were made of bits of Rembrandt's writing, pieced together, and then photographed. As a diversion between intimates this was well enough, but it seems a questionable matter of taste, not to say morals, to publish the book in the usual way, as a "Supplement" to the well-known "Urkunden."

The *Burlington Magazine* for November is more of a miscellany than usual. Lawrence Binyon's article on portrait drawings of English women, including graceful examples from Lely's hand and school, leads up to "London Leaded Steeples," which, in turn, yield to Saint Cloud porcelain, by M. L. Solon. Next we jump abruptly to Catalan primitives as elucidated by A. van de Put, and pass through Herbert Cook's "Notes on the Study of Titian"—chiefly a closer determination of the work of Francesco Vercellio—to S. M. Peartree's account of the Historical Exhibition at Nuremberg. There are other items, such as Sir Walter Armstrong's little paper on Alessandro Olivero, a practically unknown pupil of one Alvise of Bergamo, but enough has been said to show that the current number offers excellent pickings for tastes of an antiquarian sort.

At the instigation of the Liceo Moderno of Naples, a committee has been formed to arrange systematic excavations at Cumæ in Campania. Cumæ, founded in the eighth century B. C. by some Eubœan sailors, was the first Greek colony on Italian soil, and subsequently played an important part in history. As the northern outpost of Greek civilization, it was the means of spreading Ionian influence over the whole of central Italy. Cumæ retained its supremacy in Campania until the fourth century B. C., when it was outgrown by Capua.

The excavations for the unearthing of the Roman theatre at Verona are being energetically carried on under the direction of Prof. Gherardo Ghirardini of the University of Padua and yield interesting results. The theatre occupies an area of 15,000 square metres. Soon this important monument will be freed from all the small houses which for a long time have grown up like mushrooms over the site. Only the little church of Santi Siro e Libera, which was erected in the ninth century A. D. among the imposing ruins, will be spared.

At the fall meeting of the National Academy of Design the following associates were elected: Painter, A. L. Groll; sculptor, Isidore Konti; architects, Walter Cook, Cass Gilbert, Thomas Hastings, and George B. Post; engravers, Timothy Cole and C. F. W. Mielatz.

The Art Club of Philadelphia has opened its annual exhibition. Among the artists whose pictures have attracted special attention are Albert L. Groll, Charles Warren Eaton, B. K. Howard, Mary Cassatt, Lillian Genth, Martha Walter, Paula Himmelsbach, and W. W. Gilchrist. The gold medal was awarded to Frank Benson for "Pomona," a single figure in the open air, painted with that fulness of light and color that is characteristic of his treatment of sunlight; and honorable mention was awarded to Henry Rittenberg's portrait of his father.

Prof. Adolf Furtwängler has been appointed director of the Antiquarium in Munich. This post has been vacant since the death of Prof. W. von Christ.

Gabriel Ferrier has been elected to the vacancy at the French Académie des Beaux-Arts caused by the death of Jules Breton. The new member is a portrait painter, and a regular exhibitor at the Salon.

A new catalogue of the Museum of Old Masters at Brussels has just been issued. There was no real catalogue till M. A. J. Wauters's modest effort in 1900. During the last six years he has been engaged on the revision and enlargement of this work. The scholarly accuracy of this catalogue contrasts, according to the London press, with the new catalogue of the foreign schools at the National Gallery, which seems to be little improvement on the old. It is practically a reprint, with several misprints repeated and only a limited number of additions and alterations.

The Königswarter art collection was sold by auction at Berlin on Tuesday. A portrait of Rembrandt by himself brought $45,000; Rubens's portrait of Consul Marselar, $21,000; a landscape by Cuyp, famous for its morning sun effect, $18,000; two life-size portraits of men, by Van Dyck, $14,000 and $15,000; a small rococo, by Lancret, $15,000; a Teniers landscape, bought for the Kaiser Freidrich Museum, Berlin, $7,500; portrait of a man, by Franz Hals, $7,250; four paintings by Adrian van Ostade, $9,750, $8,250, $10,000, and $10,500; Hobbema's "Hut on a Mountain Path," $10,500; Canaletto's "Piazzetta," $8,100; Reynolds's portrait of himself, $6,000. The Italian paintings, which were not of the

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highest quality, brought lower prices than the work of Dutch artists.

Science.

NATURE STUDY.

The Wit of the Wild. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

Brier-Patch Philosophy. By "Peter Rabbit," Interpreted by William J. Long. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies. By William T. Hornaday. Illustrations by John M. Phillips. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

My Garden. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

As a title, the "Wit of the Wild" smacks decidedly of the "new school," but not even the fact that Mr. Ingersoll has devoted himself more or less to the distribution of natural history by way of the Sunday supplement has weaned him from the habit of careful observation and modest statement instilled by competent scientific training. In reading him one finds no difficulty whatever in distinguishing what he has actually seen from what he merely infers, nor is he unaware that a safe inference must have a sound foundation in demonstrable fact. While far less conservative than Burroughs, for instance, in treating the borderland between instinct and reason, he is still fairly on the conservative side, and a child may read him with no danger of being seriously misled. Weasels, opossums, squirrels, and various forms of bird and sea life are considered in the present volume, which is made up from contributions to several periodicals, all of the popular type. Of particular importance with reference to present conditions of nature study are certain passages dealing with animal instincts not apparently useful under present circumstances, and hence supposed to have been retained through mere force of inherited habit, even after they have become not only useless, but positively harmful. The feigning of death by the opossum is so treated, but in all such matters Mr. Ingersoll speaks only tentatively, and with becoming caution.

"Brier-Patch Philosophy" is the *Apologia pro sua Schola* of the *anti-science* group of nature writers, from the pen of their high priest, the Rev. William J. Long. We use the term "anti-science" justifiably, for Mr. Long sets himself sturdily and persistently, all through his volume, against what he conceives, though often wrongly, to be the very foundation principles of scientific method in the field in question. It should perhaps be added here that in points in which he misinterprets genuine scientific method he has sometimes had plausible reason for going wrong, in the assaults which have been made upon his own methods by certain scientists who have written with more heat than caution. In questions of scientific truth a mistake on one side will never be corrected by a corresponding lurch to the other extreme. Any reader acquainted with Mr. Long's earlier work will find in this volume in general a distinct gain in carefulness of statement. The wild animal is no longer such a marvel of the most intricate, logical, and persistent intellectual processes as the unwary reader of the "School of the Woods" must infer. "An animal thinks when he *must*, and then only just enough to take care of himself; after which he goes quietly back to the pleasant ways of making himself in harmony with his universe." But after all, Mr. Long is still convinced that the best way to get at an animal's brain processes under any given circumstances is to reason sympathetically from what goes on in your own head under similar conditions. In other words, he is still ready simply to *assume*, on purely theoretical grounds, his own view of the main point of difference between himself and the devotees of a more cautious method. In apparently elevating the reasoning powers of animals by the easy method of satirizing the unreason of men, he reaches his highest point of plausibility. But plausibility and proof are two very different things, and it is just in the failure to distinguish carefully between them that Mr. Long has always shown himself radically weak. Doubtless the very controversy which has been stirred up by Mr. Long's writings will secure from scientists themselves more careful study of such rudimentary intelligence as animal life does possess. For this quickening Mr. Long is entitled to some credit, but we may take it for granted that any substantial gains in this field will come from the application of a rigidly scientific method, and not from the bald assumption of a detailed parallelism between the mental processes of widely separated forms of sentient life.

This new book by Mr. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoölogical Park, takes us into the more rugged mountains of southeastern British Columbia, and has to do primarily with the study of mountain goats and sheep, though the author is too much of the old style naturalist to be at all exclusive. By far the most interesting passages in the book are those which detail the daring exploits of his companion, State Game Commissioner Phillips, of Pennsylvania, in securing the admirable photographs which adorn its pages. The process was simply to corner a wild goat on some broken ledge on the face of a mountain too steep to allow any chance of escape, either upward or downward, and then press up within a few feet of the quarry and use the camera. A misstep, a charge by the cornered animal, or any one of a half-dozen other possible mishaps, would in some of these situations have meant instant death to the daring photographer. Mr. Hornaday asserts bluntly that the danger was too great and ought not to have been incurred. On his return trip he brought five young mountain goats to the New York Zoölogical Park, but he is not enthusiastic as to their ability to adjust themselves to the climate of the Atlantic seaboard. A chapter on the snow-slides of the Canadian Rockies, describing their almost incredible effect in grinding down the mountain slopes and filling up the valleys, impresses vividly upon the reader the geological newness of the region. We may quote here a few sentences of description:

> One incident that awakens one to a realizing sense of the majesty, and at times the terrors, of the forces exerted in that spot is finding the brawling waters of the creek disappearing under a hill of slide-rock nearly forty feet high. The avalanches have rushed this great mass down from the Phillips Mountains and piled it clear across the valley. But for the open-work character of this great natural dam, which permits the waters of the creek to run under it, the valley above it would now be a lake, thirty feet deep at the spot where our camp stood.

Mr. Hornaday is, of course, vigorous in his advocacy of such improvements in the game laws and their administration as will permanently preserve the animal life of this region, especially the bears, sheep, goats, deer, and moose. After all, the real friends of all forms of our native wild life are not sentimentalists, who carry on an impossible propaganda against any killing at all, but the intelligent sportsmen and naturalists, who do not hesitate to indulge their pleasure in rod or gun on due occasion and in due measure.

"My Garden," with its copious illustrations, is certainly a pleasure to the eye, and we find its leaves besprinkled with a pleasant humor here and there. The general reader, however, will shy at the constant stream of technical botanical names, and most of those to whom these names really mean something will question seriously the taste of the garden-enthusiast who apparently sets no limit but those of standing-room and climate to the number of genera, species, and varieties which may allowably be crowded into one small garden. The book contains many valuable bits of information for the amateur, but it has no index. The author's particular favorite is the iris, and the three chapters which it receives must be excepted, in the main, from the criticism which we have passed upon the book as a whole.

In the *Geographical Journal* for November Major P. M. Sykes describes his recent travels in Persia, dwelling particularly on the physiography of the Lut, or great central desert, which he crossed from Yezd to Meshed. The results of the Percy Sladen expedition to the Seychelles are given by J. S. Gardiner. The discussion of his paper by members of the Royal Geographical Society is reported in full, special interest being shown in his theory that the connection of the islands and Madagascar with India was broken in the Secondary Period by the action of deep ocean currents. C. W. Hobley contributes some notes on the Turkana, an East African tribe, who are remarkable for their gigantic size and their morality. Adultery ranks first among serious offences, and cases of murder seldom or never occur. The pending boundary question of Uganda and the Congo State is discussed by Douglas W. Freshfield, in the course of which he quotes the testimony of Dr. Wollaston as to the treatment of the natives by a Belgian officer. The doctor was a member of the party sent out by the Natural History Department of the British Museum to explore the Ruwenzori region. The Belgian who commanded the escort "camped in the natives' gardens, cut down the shambas, at one place shot the village cow, while his soldiers looted the houses. In return for these barbarities, they rose up against him, and we suffered for it. . . . When we left Beni a week ago, they were

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preparing a punitive expedition to quell these wretched people." Among the other contents are the papers on coast erosion read at the British Association meeting at York, and a brief account of what is said to be the record ascent for a woman, 23,264 feet, by Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman, in the Nun Kun Mountains of Kashmir.

Recent work at the National Canners' Laboratory, an account of which has been published in the *Journal* of the American Chemical Society, has established the reason for the often observed discoloration of canned fruits and vegetables. The samples examined varied from actual brown or black deposit in the fruit or vegetable, through mere discoloration of the contents where they came in contact with the can, to the simple discoloration of the can itself. The discoloration indicates that a chemical change has taken place, and that another compound has been formed. A gas called hydrogen sulphide (H_2S), the same gas that is formed in rotting eggs, combines with some metallic salts to make varicolored compounds. The metals in canned goods are tin, lead from the solder, and possibly some iron. After the can is soldered, the tin and lead are chemically attacked by the acid of the fruit or vegetable, salts form, and these salts mix with the fruit or vegetable juice. Thus the oxalic or other acid of the vegetable acts on the tin and makes tin oxalate or similar salt. This action is particularly noticeable with the highly acid fruits and vegetables, such as rhubarb, but appreciable quantities of the metals are dissolved by squash, peas, and even corn. The foregoing process explains the presence of metallic salts. The hydrogen sulphide may come from one of three sources: first, improperly sterilized fruit may contain unkilled organisms—germs—capable of evolving this gas through the breaking up of proteid matter in the fruit; second, the sulphites sometimes used as preservatives may, by chemical action with the vegetable acid, form sulphurous acid, which in contact with tin produces hydrogen sulphide; third, by the prolonged action of the steam in cooking, the proteid matter of the fruit or vegetable may be broken up and hydrogen sulphide result from the decomposition. Whenever such metallic salts and hydrogen sulphide are produced they combine chemically to form a new compound. It has not yet been determined whether such small quantities of metallic salts in canned goods have a poisonous effect. Probably, however, the only result is that discoloration will make the goods less attractive in appearance and therefore less salable. The conclusions reached are that the use of sulphites as preservatives should be avoided; that, when fruits and vegetables that require long cooking are sealed, as little solder and flux as possible should be used, and that the tin plate should be of high grade and contain little or no lead.

The scientific investigation of the nature of earthquakes, which had its initiation in Japan under John Milne, has had good results. The contents of the seventy quarto volumes of Proceedings are virtually summed up by Professor Milne, in a paper recently read before the Royal Society. From the fifteen hundred observing stations reporting to the Central Meteorological Station in Tokio, it is shown that in Japan between one and two thousand shocks occur annually, most of them at the base of its steep eastern suboceanic frontier. Fifteen seismic districts are mapped out. The observations have led to improvements in architecture in Japan.

Circulars numbered 119, 120, and 121 from Harvard College Observatory announce that in August and September nine additional photographs of Saturn, showing images of Phœbe, were obtained with the 24-inch Bruce telescope at Arequipa. The study of the distribution of variable stars by superposing a negative on a positive of a different date, has been continued this fall by Miss Henrietta S. Leavitt, with the result that she discovered thirty-one new variable stars. During an examination of photographs taken with the 1-inch Cooke lens, a new object was found, by Miss Leavitt, in the constellation Vela. The object does not appear on any plate taken before December 5, 1905, but is seen on fourteen plates taken since that date. The latest plate taken before its appearance was July 12, 1905, on which stars as faint as the magnitude 11.5 are clearly seen. In summing up the results of this study Professor Edward C. Pickering says:

The Nova shows considerable fluctuation in light during the period covered by the observations, and it is not impossible that it may again become sufficiently bright for its spectrum to be obtained. Even without such proof, there can be little doubt that the object observed is actually a nova.

Dr. Charles Lane Poor, professor of astronomy in Columbia University, announced in an address before the New York Academy of Sciences Monday evening that Frederick G. Bourne, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and others will found the New York Observatory and Nautical Museum. These men have agreed to raise an endowment and to purchase apparatus that will make the institution one of the best equipped in existence.

The Poirier bequest of 200,000 francs, left to the French Société de Géographie is to be used for a novel purpose—pensions for one-time explorers in need or for their widows. One of the first five to benefit by it is Désiré Charnay, who is now seventy-eight years old. He began on a Government mission in Mexico in 1857, and six years later, with the help of Viollet-le-Duc, published his "Cités et Ruines Américaines." Then for many years he wandered through South America, Madagascar, Java, and Australia, sometimes on the Government missions by which France encourages explorations, always writing illustrated travel articles for *Le Tour du Monde*. In 1880 Pierre Lorillard joined with the French Government in fitting him out for an extended expedition in Mexico, with rich results for museum collections and the book (1884) "Anciennes Villes du Nouveau Monde."

Finance.

TIGHT MONEY AND CURRENCY REFORM.

The publication of a plan for more elastic banknote issues coincides with renewed stringency in the money market. Such incidents as the recent deficit in the reserves of the national banks of this city and the 20 per cent. rate for call money will doubtless be used in urging Congress to action. Whether a defective currency system is or is not responsible for these troubles, it may easily have aggravated them.

The proposals formulated at Washington were the result of a conference between fiscal officers of the Government and committees of bankers professedly for the purpose of harmonizing the two projects known as the "Bankers' Association plan" and the "Chamber of Commerce plan." The outcome is a compromise, based mainly on the suggestions of the New York Chamber of Commerce. The agreement contemplates retention of the present form of banknote issues, secured, as heretofore, by deposit of Government bonds with the Treasury. It proposes, in addition, a "credit" or "emergency" currency without such bond security. In order, however, to prevent the retirement of the existing bond-secured circulation, and the derangement of the Government bond market through sale of the collateral, the new credit notes are to be limited, in the case of each bank, first, to 40 per cent. of its outstanding bond-secured notes, and, in case of further issues, to 12½ per cent. of capital. The first of these two instalments is to be taxed 2½ per cent.; the second 5 per cent.

It is further proposed that these credit note issues, inasmuch as they have no bond collateral behind them, shall be supported by the same cash reserve (25 per cent. in city banks and 15 in country institutions) as is required to be held against national bank deposits. This provision is altogether wise. It was, in fact, incorporated in the National Bank law during its first ten years of operation, and was abandoned, in 1874, on the single and explicit ground that the Government bonds, deposited to secure the note circulation, were a sufficient guarantee.

Public money deposited in the banks, is to bear 2 per cent. interest, but no collateral security is to be required for the deposits. This is a step beyond the Chamber of Commerce plan of 1902, which proposed the interest charge, but retained the idea of required collateral—merely enlarging the scope of acceptable securities. It is worth while to observe that in two respects our Federal Government's bank account differs from that of the British Exchequer, for instance, or even from that of New York city—both of which deposit their surplus funds in bank without requiring collateral. One is the enormous total to which, in our haphazard revenue system, the Federal surplus rises. To-day, the Government's bank deposits foot up $135,000,000; they have ranged for six years in the neighborhood of $100,000,000, and have been as high as $168,000,000. The second point of difference is a consequence of the first: all national banks demand a chance at the public deposits. The responsibility of our fiscal officers would be considerably increased if they had to distribute these credit funds without asking security or special guarantee.

It is hardly to be expected that the expiring Congress, in its next short session, will act on this or any other thoroughgoing measure of currency reform. But it is also open to question whether, even with

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the Sub-Treasury system and bank circulation laws reformed out-of-hand, Wall Street would promptly see an end of its money market convulsions. No serious financier imagines that it would. Neither the Treasury surplus nor restriction of bank circulation caused the disorder into which this autumn's markets have fallen. The cause is the overgranting of credit, for purely speculative purposes, by the very institutions which are now crying for relief, or for reform of the currency system. The most imperative need of the hour is a reform in the relations of fiduciary institutions to powerful Stock Exchange speculators.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Armitage, F. P. A History of Chemistry. Longmans. $1.60 net.
Babies' Hymnal. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Vol. VI., Part I. Philadelphia.
Bancroft, Laura. The Twinkle Tales. 6 vols. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. 50 cents each.
Batcheller, Tryphosa Bates. Glimpses of Italian Court Life. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Beebe, C. William. The Log of the Sun. Henry Holt & Co.
Belasco, David, and Chas. A. Byrne. Book of Fairy Tales. The A. B. Benesch Co.
Bierer, Everard. The Evolution of Religions. Putnams. $2 net.
Blane, William. The Silent Land and Other Poems. London: Elliot Stock.
Blind and the Deaf, The, 1900. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Bradley, Will. Peter Poodle: Toy Maker to the King. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.
Cairns, D. S. Christianity in the Modern World. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25 net.
Chadwick, French Ensor. Causes of the Civil War. Harpers. $2 net.
Cirkel, August. Looking Forward. Chicago: Looking Forward Publishing Co.
Constantine, E. G. Marine Engineers and How to Become One. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.
Crissey, Forrest. The Making of an American School-Teacher. Chicago: C. M. Barnes Co. 50 cents net.
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Eliot's Scenes of Clerical Life. Macmillan Co. $2.
Elliot, G. F. Scott. The Romance of Plant Life. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Ellis, Edward S. Lost in the Forbidden Land. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Emmanuel, Walter. The Dogs of War. Scribners. $1.25.
English, Douglas. "Wee, Tim'rous Beasties." Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Evans, Edwin. Tchaikovsky. Dutton. $1.25.
Eylau, Wilhelm and Carrie. The Profession of Teaching Music. Leipsic.
Fenn, G. Manville. 'Tention! Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Fontana-Russo, Luigi. Politica Commerciale. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Furey, Francis T. New and Complete History of the World. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Galsworthy, John. The Man of Property. Putnams. $1.50.
Harrison, Peleg D. The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.
Hill, George Birkbeck, Letters of. Arranged by Lucy Crump. Longmans.
Hillis, Newell Dwight. The Fortune of the Republic. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.20 net.
Historical Records and Studies. Vol. IV. United States Catholic Historical Society.
Hodges, George, and John Reichert. The Administration of an Institutional Church. Harpers. $3 net.
Houston, Edwin J. The Young Prospector. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
Innes, Charles H. Air Compressors and Blowing Engines. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.
Irwin, Wallace. Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Kleiser, Grenville. How to Speak in Public. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.25 net.
Lane's Arabian Nights. Edited by S. Lane-Poole. Macmillan Co. $1.10 net.
Lawson, W. R. American Finance. Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 6s. net.
Lytton, Robert, First Earl of, Personal and Literary Letters. Edited by Lady Betty Balfour. 2 vols. Longmans. $6 net.
Macgregor, D. H. Industrial Combination. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
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North, Leigh. Predecessors of Cleopatra. Broadway Publishing Co.
Old Roof-Tree, Letters of Ishbel to her Half-Brother Mark Latimer. Longmans. $1.50 net.
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Shaw, Bernard. Three Plays for Puritans. Brentano's. $1.25 net.
Sheldon, Walter L. A Sentiment in Verse for Every Day in the Year. Philadelphia: S. Burns Weston. 35 cents.
Smith, Gipsy. His Life and Work. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.
Somerville, E. Œ., and Martin Ross. Some Irish Yesterdays. Longmans. $1.50.
Stevens, N. M. Studies in Sermatogenesis. Part II. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Sweethearts Always: Poems of Love. Selected by Janet Madison. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co.
Thiselton-Dyer, T. F. Folk-Lore of Women. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Thomas, Henry Wilton. The Sword of Wealth. Putnams. $1.50.
Thurston, Clara Bell. The Jingle of a Jap. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
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Whiting, Lilian. The Land of Enchantment. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.
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